

The Nation.

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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

Contradictions Of Cocaine Capitalism

JEFFERSON MORLEY

How the drug war fattens profits in the coke economy. (Page 341)

EDITORIAL

BORDERLINE MARXISTS

The exodus of thousands of youthful East Germans across the Austro-Hungarian border cannot be interpreted, as some Western commentators would have it, as an abandonment of the teachings of Karl Marx. To be sure, the emigrants are hoping for a better life than they found under the East German regime. But the country to which they are traveling, from their homes and vacation tents, in buses and clunky "Trabbi" cars, is not Thatcher's Britain or *après-Reagan* America.

It is a nation with a highly organized system of social benefits and social security, job protection and worker participation in management. It is also a

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**PLUTONIUM
IN SPACE**
KARL GROSSMAN
JUDITH LONG
•
**THE BRANDEIS
PAPERS**
E.L. DOCTOROW
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IN EXILE'**
DOROTHY GALLAGHER
•

society that does not stint on public services or public expenditures, for culture and education or for scientific research and industrial policy.

True, it is a capitalist society, but one in which there are agreed-upon limits to the sovereignty of the market. Indeed, the key to the success of German capitalism is the important role played in it by the unions and the Social Democrats.

Marx held that advanced societies, Germany above all, could take a parliamentary road to socialism. Both in the time of the Weimar Republic and under the present government, the Social Democrats altered the features of capitalism. By leaving East Germany the new emigrants have chosen capitalism with a human face. Its humanization was and is the work of the party Marx founded. And so the newcomers have gone from Stalin back to Marx.

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LETTERS.

REFORM PLAN HATCHED

Washington

In response to your July 17 article titled "Shilling in the Senate" by David Corn, I would like to set the record straight concerning my involvement in the Medical Device Improvements Act proposed in the 100th Congress.

This legislation was passed in the House on July 26, 1988. This was late in the Congressional year, and the Senate had not held hearings on a broad version of the medical device law that would have a broad impact on our nation's health care system. Furthermore, there was growing opposition by various groups, including the Reagan Administration and consumer and industry representatives. Therefore, many of my Senate colleagues, Democrats and Republicans, were reluctant to proceed. Nevertheless, [House committee] chairman John Dingell contacted me as the ranking minority member of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources and asked that I survey various senators' concerns to see if a compromise could be reached.

After discussions with others, I reported these concerns to Dingell. Those concerns included the lack of protection for proprietary information contained in premarket approval applications, the need for more review of 510 (k) applications, and the lack of resources at the Food and Drug Administration to implement the user reporting requirements. I offered suggested changes to the legislation that would help to move the bill. Our staffs met and attempted to work out many issues.

Another issue was the suggestion to add a provision that was originally introduced as a bill by Senator Howell Heflin and Representative Dan Glickman. As described to me, the intent of the provision was to require that a foreign party injured by a medical device and seeking relief in courts must apply the product liability law where the injury occurred. I raised this issue with Dingell; the following day he informed me that the product liability provision could not be included in the package. As I recall, Dingell's sole concern, at that time, was a jurisdictional one; i.e., he lacked the authority to negotiate on that provision because it was not in the jurisdiction of the Energy and Commerce Committee, of which he is the chairman.

In the end, Dingell and I supported a final package of reforms to the medical device act. They included the statutory establishment of a user reporting system at F.D.A. that would require companies of providers to report any deaths associated with the use of a medical device as well as revisions in the transitional device provisions of the law.

With this compromise, I attempted to obtain the approval of my colleagues and found a roadblock from the medical device industry. I asked three representatives from

three large manufacturers to meet with me in my office. I informed them that this compromise was a good one and that I strongly supported it regardless of their opposition. One company representative informed me that he would oppose it; the other two said they would support it. Later, when I sought the unanimous consent of the Senate to consider this compromise Medical Device Reform bill, I was told there were objections by a number of senators to its consideration.

In the end, I supported the final compromise in spite of Pfizer's opposition. That, as well as the Administration's opposition, Public Citizen's opposition and other medical device manufacturers' opposition, did not deter me from supporting what I believed was sound public policy. Contrary to the statements in Corn's article, I was trying to obtain passage of the Medical Device Reform bill.

In the 101st session of Congress, I intend to reopen my discussions with Dingell, with the other members of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources and the entire Senate. I plan to solicit suggestions and ideas for medical device reform, and my door will remain open to those opposing the medical device industry as well as those supporting it. Through this open and deliberate process, Congress will be able to enact important improvements in law.

Thank you for allowing me to set the record straight. I feel confident that your readers would want a full and accurate description of the events leading to the actual demise of this legislation.

Orrin Hatch
U.S. Senate

CORN REPLIES

Washington

Senator Orrin Hatch's account is at odds with what was told to me by Congressional aides who worked on the bill. To recap briefly: The Medical Device Improvements Act would have led to the better regulation of such medical products as pacemakers, incubators and X-ray machines. It was the product of a long process of negotiations between Congressional staff and the Health Industry Manufacturers Association, which eventually endorsed the bill. (Some public interest advocates thought the House had negotiated away too much to industry.) After the House passed its version of the bill, three leading members of the trade group—Pfizer, Eli Lilly and Bristol-Myers—bolted and sought to stop the legislation. The only game left in town for them was the Senate. A Congressional aide who closely followed the events told me, "Pfizer made it quite clear they would kill the bill in the Senate."

It is true that Hatch, by all accounts, had his own independent concerns about the bill. For instance, he didn't like the fact that the House bill was missing a pet provision of

his—a clause that would have made it easier for firms to market new types of contact lenses and bypass certain testing. As he admits, in compiling a list of proposed changes in the legislation that was sent to the House side he accepted the pro-Pfizer provision that would have prevented foreign citizens from suing Pfizer in U.S. courts for death or injury caused by faulty heart valves sold by Pfizer. Hatch makes the provision sound rather innocuous. But it would have allowed Pfizer literally to get away with murder. He would also have us believe he was a mere errand boy. Well, call me old-fashioned, but I think a senator should read and consider what goes out under his or her name.

From this point on, his account differs from what I was told by other Congressional sources. One said that the negotiations between Dingell and Hatch eventually petered out, and Hatch soon thereafter pronounced the bill dead. Hatch places the blame on other recalcitrant senators, claiming he was for the bill until the very end.

Was Hatch working for Pfizer? He says not. But a Pfizer lobbyist bragged that it had gotten Hatch to do its bidding, according to one Congressional aide. Admittedly, lobbyists like to make such claims. But such boasts, alas, often make sense. Hatch takes in thousands of dollars in campaign contributions from Pfizer and other medical device manufacturers. Sure, his own view on some legislative matter may independently coincide with theirs. But with the money flowing fast and furious, how can you tell? The facts are: (1) Hatch pocketed money from Pfizer; and (2) he offered a measure that greatly aided the company. If Hatch wasn't aware what the provision meant, then what are the taxpayers paying him for? If a judge took money from a party and then issued a decision favoring him or her, he could be put in jail. On Capitol Hill, unfortunately, that's nothing to holler about.

Hatch says that he hopes to do better this year. Let's keep an eye on him. I imagine that Dingell's staff will look closely at any proposals he sends over.

David Corn

VISION ON RELIGION

Delray Beach, Fla.

In his Aesop-like fable, Nicholas Stephen Poluhoff depicts Christianity, Islam and Judaism as equally homicidal. He concludes that "life without religion is better."

The fable is labeled "Advertisement." It seems to me to advertise myopia.

Rabbi Samuel M. Silver

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Gotham Rainbow

Not since Michael Dukakis accepted his party's nomination for President at the Omni Convention Center in Atlanta with Jesse Jackson and Lloyd Bentsen at his side had there been such an aura of Democratic euphoria. David Dinkins had just become the first black in history to win New York City's Democratic mayoral nomination, and the sweaty, chanting, deliriously happy crowd in the Grand Ballroom at the Penta Hotel tasted victory.

The test, of course, lies ahead. Like Dukakis, Dinkins campaigned on decency and competence. Far from offering

a radical alternative, he won at least partly because he was more boring than Ed Koch, the city's overheated three-term Mayor. May he not repeat the Dukakis error of thinking that the way to inspire the precincts is to move further toward the already crowded center.

Having said that, it would be a mistake to underestimate the dimensions or importance of the Dinkins victory. He showed that it is possible to put together a multiracial coalition that is not dominated by white liberals. Exit polls showed him winning more than 90 percent of the black vote, more than 50 percent of the Hispanic vote, and more than 25 percent of the Jewish and white Catholic vote. Although Elizabeth Holtzman, who was nominated for Comptroller, and Ruth Messinger, the dynamic member of the City Council

who was nominated to replace Dinkins as Manhattan Borough President, were valuable white members of the Dinkins team, primary-night TV viewers got a vivid picture of the black, Hispanic and blue-collar core of Dinkins's rainbow.

Coming in the aftermath of the murder of a black youth in the predominantly white Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, the New York primary might have taken an ugly turn. But as a result of a confluence of factors, not least of them Dinkins's cool-it message, voters heeded Malcolm X's warning that it was either the ballot or the bullet. And at least part of the white middle class showed a new ability to transcend the city's racial tension. Given the city's polarization along race and class lines under Koch, it was fortunate and perhaps inevitable that it would be a man of color who did the right thing.

The comic relief in the campaign was provided by the city's editorial pages. The editors and political columnists of the *Daily News* were overwhelmingly for Dinkins, but the publisher, James Hoge, was for Koch. As a compromise they supported Richard Ravitch, who ended up with 4 percent of the vote. And after months of high-minded editorials charting the city's declining quality of life ("The New Calcutta") and pullulating corruption, a naïve reader might have thought *The New York Times* couldn't possibly endorse the person most responsible for both. But after 364 days exposing Ed Koch, management weighed in on day 365 with an endorsement of the Mayor, expressing the hope that he would learn to "reach out." Which goes to show that when it comes to governing the city, the editors and white pols in the suites know less than the voters in the streets.

Nuclear Slingshot

The launch in October of project Galileo, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's next mission to outer space, has sparked demonstrations at General Electric headquarters in Connecticut, NASA offices in Washington and at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. The first civil disobedience to halt a space shot is planned at the Florida launch site, and the mission is the focus of a lawsuit coordinated by the Christic Institute. That Galileo's space probe will carry enough plutonium to kill every person on Earth has been known for some time [see Grossman, "The Lethal Shuttle," *The Nation*, January 23, 1988]. Now, it seems, the danger to the planet is greater than previously estimated, at both the moment of launch and twice again as the probe flies past Earth. Moreover, opponents of the launch connect mission Galileo to a more sinister use of space—Star Wars.

Scheduled for launch as early as October 12, Galileo uses a shuttle like that of the ill-fated Challenger to send aloft a space probe carrying two generators fueled by 49.25 pounds of plutonium, the most toxic substance in the universe, to provide heat and electricity for its instruments. To gain velocity for its voyage the probe will be "slingshot" around Venus and fly by Earth, in 1990 and again in 1992, finally attaining the momentum to reach Jupiter in December 1995.

The first danger posed by the mission is at the launch site. Before the Challenger disaster NASA estimated the probability of a launch accident at 1 in 100,000. It now says the chances are 1 in 78. NASA has always insisted that the likelihood of plutonium being released in a shuttle accident is extremely small. However, documents obtained from NASA under the Freedom of Information Act suggest that the odds are substantial for a release of plutonium in the event of a shuttle accident. The NUS Corporation, a government contractor for the Galileo project, in its "Final Safety Analysis Report for the Galileo Mission," dated January 13, 1989, raises special concerns about accidents during Phase 1 of the mission. Phase 1 is from liftoff, when the shuttle and the plutonium space probe in its cargo bay will be surrounded by 1.55 million pounds of highly volatile liquid fuel, to 128 seconds after launch, when the rockets that boost the shuttle will fall away. "Analysis of these accident environments and their probabilities indicate that given an accident, a release of RTG fuel [plutonium] will occur about 8.3 times in 100," said the report.

A second hazard posed by the mission will arise during the "flybys" past Earth. On the first flyby, in December 1990, the probe will be 625 miles above the planet; on the December 1992 pass the probe will be only 185 miles overhead and hurtling at 30,000 miles per hour—the fastest man-made object ever to buzz the planet.

A November 4, 1988, analysis, "Earth Avoidance Study Report," prepared for NASA by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, a branch of the California Institute of Technology and a major NASA contractor for Galileo, details the possibility of the plutonium space probe making an "Earth impacting trajectory"—crashing into the Earth—during the flybys. Avoiding this, says the report, entails "modifying the trajectory . . . rais[ing] the altitude of the Earth flybys. The idea is that presumably there is an inverse relationship between the altitude of the Earth flyby and the probability of reentry." However, raising "the altitudes of the Earth flybys by several thousand kilometers" would mean that "the mission would not be possible. The spacecraft cannot carry enough propellant to make up for the energy shortfall." Only after the second flyby, in 1992, will the danger of plutonium contamination from the project be ended, concedes a study by General Electric, dated December 15, 1988: "At this point, with a successful and correct burn of the [space probe rocket], escape of the spacecraft from the Earth's gravitational pull will be effected, and the RTG's [the plutonium-fueled generators] will no longer present a potential risk to the Earth's population."

A sinister sidelight of the Galileo project is the adaptation of its technology for military purposes. The United States called a stop to sending nuclear hardware into space after the crash in 1978 of a Russian nuclear satellite, the Kosmos 954, which littered a broad swath of Canada with radioactive debris. But the Reagan Administration's development of the Star Wars program ended the ban, and research began on sending nuclear reactors into space to provide power for the lasers, weapons platforms and other devices in the Star Wars armory. A 1988 Pentagon report called these space

reactors the "cornerstone" of the Strategic Defense Initiative. The principal reactor, the SP-100, is made by General Electric and is designed to be small enough for launch aboard a shuttle. More than a hundred SP-100s are proposed for Star Wars. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory, to encourage support for the mission, said in one of its publications, "Meeting the challenges of deep space exploration has, in fact, contributed significantly to our defense capability, particularly in the areas of communication, navigation, and radiation tolerance for electronic components."

The Galileo launch is to be followed by a second plutonium space probe launch in 1990, the Ulysses mission. Bruce Gagnon, the coordinator of a coalition of seventy-five groups in Florida that oppose the plutonium-fueled mission, charges that NASA and the Bush Administration are using Galileo and Ulysses "to create a climate to break the ice to get people to accept" the deployment of nuclear hardware in space. Gagnon says that a Galileo launch "won't stop what we're doing. Next there's Ulysses, then the military nuclear hardware they want to launch. The struggle is just beginning."

KARL GROSSMAN
AND JUDITH LONG

Karl Grossman, a journalism professor at the State University of New York, College at Old Westbury, is the author of Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power (Permanent Press) and Power Crazy (Grove Press).

Outside the Fort

Yugoslavia's president assumed the chairmanship of the nonaligned nations at the recent summit in Belgrade. Since Yugoslavia has a system of rotating presidents, no single personality will dominate the organization during the next three years, and it may be that the result will be decentralization and more democracy. Past chairmen were often strong, charismatic leaders who controlled the movement.

Notably absent from the summit was one of these great figures, Fidel Castro. The official explanation was the Panama situation, but the Cuban leader has had sharp differences with the Yugoslavs in the past.

The final communiqué issued by the hosts was praised in the Western press for its moderate, reasonable tone. Actually, the Yugoslavs cleverly divided the declaration into two parts, the first a kinder, gentler statement that named no names and exuded the spirit of East-West détente. In the second part, the regional reports, the tone was grimmer and more militant, and thus a more accurate reflection of the real state of mind of the nonaligned leaders.

The latter part of the communiqué challenged the notion that the cold war is ending. It pointed out that the superpowers are directly or indirectly involved in conflicts in the Middle East, southern Africa, Southeast Asia (Cambodia, West Asia), Afghanistan, the Horn of Africa (Ethiopia) and Central America (Panama and Nicaragua). Consequently, a

matter of major concern to them is how these regional wars will be settled and, more important, the domestic consequences for the countries involved when the superpowers leave. They point out that the so-called settlement in Southeast Asia ending the Vietnam War plunged the region into chaos. Now the question of Cambodia hangs fire, and indeed a civil war looms in that tragic country. In Afghanistan, the withdrawal of Soviet troops left anarchy in its wake, and the hope of a coalition government looks increasingly dim.

In southern Africa, the "Namibian solution" is fragile, and there is no guarantee that the promised free and fair elections will be held. With the unleashing of Jonas Savimbi by South Africa, Angola may well be plunged into a protracted civil war. In South Africa itself, newly elected President F.W. de Klerk restores order with stepped-up police brutality. In Latin America, the situation in Nicaragua remains explosive. Despite the efforts of the Central American presidents, El Salvador, Guatemala and indeed the entire region face the prospect of protracted fighting. The current drug war now holds the potential for U.S. armed intervention, starting in Panama and Colombia. In the Middle East, U.N. Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar is involved in negotiations between Iran and Iraq to implement the U.N. peace agreement. The situation in Palestine seems to have reached a stalemate.

The heads of state noted a shift from the bipolar world that prevailed when the movement was founded to one dominated by four major economic powers: the United States, the Soviet Union, the European Community and Japan. Improved relations between East and West leading to weapons reductions were welcomed, since nonaligned leaders believe that the arms race has had negative consequences for the economies of both superpowers and contributed to a global malaise. The delegates believe that the Soviet Union's abandonment of the Brezhnev doctrine means that it plans to extricate itself from all regional conflicts, and they wonder if this will give the industrialized countries a free hand to pursue their own economic and political objectives in the Third World.

A major fear among the nonaligned countries is that the present inequitable distribution of global wealth and resources could lead to future wars. They worry that the four economic powers are building a fortress to protect their economic and political interests. Eventually those inside the walls, who are dependent on the Third World for raw materials, labor and markets, will have to come to an accommodation with the barbarians outside the gates.

The nonaligned movement expects to have a greater role to play in the future. As the voice of the wretched of the earth, it has no alternative but to remain united and seek new allies both inside and outside the superpower fortress. Amid the prevailing global anarchy, it pins its hopes on the United Nations and the emergence of a new international order.

A.W. SINGHAM

A.W. Singham is a member of The Nation's editorial board.

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Deadly Quarantine

The nation that depends above all upon the charity of others is now considering a law that will deny such charity to some of its own citizens. The Israeli Knesset has already given one favorable reading on an amendment to the 1948 Prevention of Terrorism Act, and though the amendment has received no attention in the U.S. press, it represents a savage assault on the rights of Israeli Arabs, one that violates the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, promulgated the same year as the act now in the process of amendment. Its purpose is to sever the ties joining Arabs in Israel (and, by association, in the occupied territories) to Arabs and others abroad. Its mechanisms are those of the police state, masquerading as legal procedure.

The amendment would make it a crime to receive or deliver property (which includes money and just about anything else) knowingly or unknowingly from a "terrorist" organization—the designation "terrorist," of course, being entirely up to the relevant Israeli authority and immune from challenge in court. Such property could be seized by police acting on a "reasonable suspicion" and unencumbered by search warrant or judicial order. The law would also refuse legal registration to organizations believed to be connected in any of the infinitely vague ways suggested by its terms to a "terrorist" group, and would allow an Israeli court to shut down organizations and associations believed to be fronts for terrorism, to have served the purposes of terrorism or to have acted "for the denial of the state of Israel." The provisions would be retroactive, so action could be taken against any group the government decided had ever had any connection to terrorists.

Right now about eighty voluntary organizations operate in the Arab sector of Israel—that is, inside East Jerusalem and inside the Green Line that distinguishes Israel from the other territories it has occupied since the Six-Day War. These organizations get 90 percent of their funding, millions of dollars, from philanthropic, charitable and government affiliated organizations abroad, mainly in the United States and Western Europe. Most of their activities would normally be expected to fall within the realm of state budgets for culture, education, health, social services, development and so forth. But in Israel, where more than half the Arab families live below the official poverty line, Arab villages get one-third the budget allocation of Jewish villages and towns, and one-tenth the development funding. Very often Israeli Arabs use contributions from international organizations for such basic purposes as sanitation and garbage collection. The Jewish Agency, through which passes most of the money raised abroad for Israel, distributes those funds exclusively to Jewish communities.

On June 30, Marda Dunskey of *The Jerusalem Post* sketched out the legislation's practical impact:

If the proposed amendment passes, says Qassoum, a 29-year-old high-school teacher who has served as the . . . voluntary director [of the Public Association for Culture and Art]

since its foundation, it will mean no more kindergartens, no more sports teams, no more summer camps, public libraries or learning centres.

"It will mean the closing of the last window on us," he says. "The government doesn't give us money for our local councils; if we go to the Jewish Agency, they tell us: 'This money came from Jewish people to help Jewish people.' Arab countries are considered enemy countries. And if we try to be in touch with Palestinians abroad, that means we are terrorists in terms of how the government defines things."

Here are a few specifics of the proposed law, which awaits its second and third readings in the Knesset:

§ The District Court authorizes confiscation of property "at the request" of the district prosecutor.

§ The police may themselves order property seized, and an officer may "use any reasonable measure needed for the fulfillment of such orders and for the prevention of disturbance as he carries out his function."

§ The police may, in the course of confiscating some property, forcibly take *anything* belonging to an individual or association and, as a coda to raiding an organization, may also raid the homes of its members.

§ Prosecutors do not have to prove their case "beyond a reasonable doubt," as required by criminal law, but by the much looser "balance of probabilities" standard.

§ If the Minister of Defense declares that the security of the state requires it, a defendant may be refused any legal representative except one specifically designated to act as defense counsel by the Military Justice Law of 1955. Only one Palestinian lawyer in Israel is so designated.

§ The court may dispense with due process. It may allow hearsay evidence. It may take evidence in secret and keep it from the defendant and the defendant's lawyer, thus preventing any response or cross-examination. All this the court may do if it is "persuaded that the revelation of such evidence to such a person or his lawyer is likely to harm the security of the state or of the public."

§ The state may refuse to register an organization if there is "reasonable cause to believe" it is connected with terrorists.

§ A District Court may authorize the liquidation of any standing organization, and this may be carried out according to standard civil procedure or not, as the court decides.

§ Upon liquidation all assets pass to the state treasury.

§ Property may be seized and an organization liquidated without any crime having been committed, without anyone having been arrested, prosecuted or convicted of anything. Essentially, existence is the crime. *Sum ergo peccavi*.

Article 22 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights recognizes the right of peoples to secure aid either at home or abroad for the social, cultural and economic health of their communities. By contrast, the amendment represents another broad step in the Israeli government's attempt to restrict the Arab population and augment its misery. In view is the atomization of the individual, family or group and their scission from a larger community, with no libraries,

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

cultural centers, women's or other associations, and no institutions of learning except those expressly sanctioned by the state. Beyond that, the amendment presents the prospect of what amounts to a quarantine of Israeli Arabs from the rest of the world—this inflicted by the government of a people mythologized for their love of learning, culture and internationalism (a code word in the past much used by anti-Semites).

In a story in *Yediot Aharonot* in January, Roni Shaked gestured, with apparent lack of self-consciousness, at the motive force behind this legislation and similar government actions. Telling of how funds go from the P.L.O. to international organizations that first "launder" and then transfer them to Israel and the territories, and identifying one such organization as al-Ta'awun, established in Geneva in 1983, Shaked commented, "The first item in the By-laws of this organization states: this support aims at strengthening the ties within the Palestinian people, safeguard [*sic*] the Palestinian's identity, and keep him permanently on his land."

Although the amendment would apply only to Israeli Arabs and to Arabs in Jerusalem, Israeli newspapers say that if passed it would open the way to similar decrees in the territories. Commanders in the West Bank and Gaza could issue military orders to the same effect, thus reinforcing the existing thorough sanctions against voluntary local organizations there. Since the beginning of the *intifada* even major international bodies such as Save the Children have been severely limited in the work they can do there, a condition to which the United States acquiesces and in whose creation it conspires. Although via A.I.D. the United States funnels more money to the occupied territories than any other country, no project it funds can go ahead without the direct approval of the Israeli military authorities. No other country in the world submits in this way to the politico-economic imperatives of the occupation.

Since at the local level money obviously passes from Israel to the territories, and from international support groups to the territories via Israel, the proposed law would certainly close off a major source of funds to the leaders of the *intifada*. Just as the Israelis have fantasized that it would require only the arrest of top "troublemakers" to suppress the uprising, so now they have been seized by the second illusion of all occupiers and security officials: that "foreign money" is the root of the problem. Here is the mirror image of paranoid fears, from earlier in this century and the previous one, of an "international Jewish conspiracy" and "Jewish paymasters of sedition."

And just as British emergency laws of a former age became the model for security decrees in places such as Israel and South Africa alike, so those heirs of British "justice" now match each other in their innovations upon the model. In South Africa a new law on the disclosure of foreign funding parallels in its essentials the Israeli amendment, though without the latter's directness of expression.

So far there has been very little adverse commentary in the Israeli press, beyond the almost comically feeble reaction of

lawyers such as one cited in *Ha'aretz*, whom the paper paraphrased thus: "If it is decided to apply it [the amendment] in the Territories, by means of military orders, care should be taken that the decision will not violate international law." Another "expert in international law" emphasized that "such a law may create difficulties from the stand point of international law pertaining to control over funds whose source[s] are organizations who are not identified with the PLO." Here is Israel defying international law for the past twenty-one years and carrying out a campaign that day in and day out denies basic internationally recognized human rights, and here are lawyers fretting lest the proposed amendment—"positive" in every other way—present a hindrance to international law.

A Strong Man Around the House

Hard to say. It could be the worst. Judge for yourself. On September 3, *The New York Times* ran a piece by Lindsey Gruson under the heading "Old Dictator Looks Better to Guatemala." Gruson informed his readers that in Guatemala today there exists a yearning for the firm hand of Ríos Montt. Now Ríos Montt, you may recall, was the crazed fundamentalist who seized power in 1982 and, after fanatical invocation of the Almighty, slaughtered tens of thousands of people under what, as Americas Watch reported, amounted to a "policy of extermination" against the Indians.

Partway through his story Gruson passingly acknowledged that at the time "bullets were not wasted on women and children . . . soldiers choked them, smashed their skulls and hacked them with machetes and bayonets." But why think about the past? Today the economy's a wreck, the poor are wretched and "many Guatemalans are increasingly questioning the superiority of democracy." Gruson quotes our old friend the "Western diplomat"—that is, the U.S. Ambassador or some cognate envoy—as saying, "There's a growing perception that elected governments can't solve the problems they were elected to solve."

What is going on here? One chapter of misrepresentation is being shouldered aside in favor of its successor. For several years the U.S. mainstream press celebrated the installation of President Vinicio Cerezo as evidence of the emergence of democracy, fragile yet promising. Overwhelming evidence that savage abuses of human rights persisted and that Cerezo's election had in no way dented the power of the military were ignored in favor of invocations of Guatemalan progress as against Sandinista tyranny.

Recently it has become impossible to sustain this fiction, with Cerezo giving himself a pay raise, retiring to his country villa to pleasure himself with his mistresses and generally abdicating the function of civil government. And so the new fiction is efficiently installed: Guatemalans are disillusioned with Cerezo and democracy and yearn for strength, duly endorsed by the U.S. government.



BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Sex, Lies and Mediatypes

When it comes to intrafamily disputes, conservatives sure play dirty. The editors of the Moonie-owned *Washington Times*, with their summer exposés of the sexual activities of Representative Barney Frank and oddball lobbyist Craig Spence, have positioned themselves as the guardians of moral righteousness in the capital. But one of the chief stone throwers may be working in a glass newsroom. So says John Lofton, a puritanical *Washington Times* columnist who was fired on September 6. Lofton says his great sin was to inquire about the derring-do of Wesley Pruden, the paper's rabid managing editor. Lofton's curiosity was aroused by an item in *Washingtonian* in which Karen Feld, former gossip columnist with *The Washington Times*, stated that before she was fired she had been repeatedly harassed sexually by a top editor. Lofton called his friend Feld to find out who was the culprit. He says she told him it was Pruden.

Later, during a disagreement with Pruden over the spiking of one of his columns, Lofton asked about Feld's confession. Pruden said Lofton was "on thin ice" and denied the story. Two days later Lofton was called to the office of editor in chief Arnaud de Borchgrave, who was flanked by Pruden and other top editors. De Borchgrave says he told Lofton that his conversation with Pruden "smacked of blackmail" and thus violated the paper's code of conduct. "I pointed out that sexual harassment is a serious allegation," Lofton recounts. "It was bad for the image of the paper, particularly at a time when we were writing about other people's sexual escapades." De Borchgrave sacked him.

De Borchgrave insists that Lofton's charge about Pruden is "twaddle"; neither Pruden nor Feld will comment. Now Lofton, who describes himself as writing from the "Biblical-Christian perspective," is at work on a tell-all about *The Washington Times*, which, he promises, will shock the moralistic sensitivities of the paper's owner.

■ Accuracy in Marriage?

Reed Irvine, the head of Accuracy in Media, is another mean conservative who finds himself the target of allegations from a former ideological colleague. L.W. Bonsib, a conservative direct-mail specialist, has charged, in the course of a lawsuit against his former client the Committee for a Free Afghanistan, that Irvine secretly tapes his telephone conversations and cheats on his wife.

Irvine, a C.F.A. board member, is only one of several defendants in the suit, which developed out of a financial wrangle, but he has become main prey for Bonsib since he managed to have Bonsib's lawyer, Laurence Elgin, disqualified from the case. Irvine argued that Elgin had a conflict of interest. The details are complicated, involving one John Hemenway, a lawyer who once worked for AIM and who, in challenging Irvine's complaint, revealed that the AIM boss tapes his calls. Hemenway says proof of his assertions is on the tapes, and Elgin, who is contesting his disqualification, hopes to enter some of them as evidence.

As for Irvine's personal habits, Bonsib notes in a recent document filed in court:

Irvine, while he holds himself out . . . as a champion of family values and morality, is a philanderer . . . a hypocrite who preaches one set of values and one kind of behavior as preferable and moral while in fact he practices another. . . . Irvine had been conducting an affair with a woman on his staff whom he had elevated, despite her lack of prior experience. . . . [He] showered her with favors, frequently taking her on trips with him and then . . . staying with her past the end of the business trip itself. Irvine is a married man.

Lest anyone think that Elgin and Bonsib are merely out to smear Irvine, the two assert, "This matter goes directly to the issue of Irvine's credibility and veracity." Irvine acknowledges that he does record phone conversations without always informing those on the other end, but calls the charges about his personal life "absolutely absurd."

■ FLASH: Bush Backs Public Campaign Financing

It's not publicly known exactly what the C.I.A. is up to in Nicaragua these days, but in Congress the widespread assumption is that the Agency is indeed running some kind of program there. This has prompted Senator Tom Harkin and others in Congress to propose a ban on C.I.A. interference in next year's Nicaraguan elections—a move opposed by the Bush Administration. Bush's reluctance to have the C.I.A. stand down contrasts sharply with the accord signed in August by the Sandinistas and twenty opposition parties, which calls on "governments with interests in the region to abstain from carrying out covert activities in the electoral process of Nicaragua."

Recently there was talk of a deal: Bush would pledge no covert aid, and Congress would O.K. overt aid and direct assistance to the United Nicaraguan Opposition. But on September 12, when Secretary of State James Baker met with members of the House and Senate leadership, he reportedly hinted that the Administration would refrain from using the C.I.A. but would not accept a ban. Still, he asked that Congress send as much as \$5 million directly to UNO through the National Endowment for Democracy; this on top of the \$3.5 million the N.E.D. has already received for its programs in Nicaragua. To put this into some perspective, that \$3.5 million, which certainly benefits UNO, is three times the amount the N.E.D. spent before the plebiscite in Chile, which has nearly four times the population of Nicaragua.

It seems that the Bush crowd does believe in public financing of elections—but only those of other nations. At the meeting Baker's message, according to one Congressional aide, was that the UNO candidates are "our guys" and can win if the United States pours in the bucks. "The attitude was, All UNO needs to do is find a Willie Horton and buy TV ads," the aide says. Sending \$5 million to UNO—which the Democrats are unlikely to oppose—would be the equivalent of a foreign power injecting about \$300 million into a U.S. national election. That, by the way, would be quite illegal.

ARTICLES.

■ THE GREAT AMERICAN HIGH

Contradictions Of Cocaine Capitalism

JEFFERSON MORLEY

It was in July 1969 that President Richard Nixon called for a "new urgency and concerted national policy" in the fight against drugs. But for the Vietnam War, drugs might then have been regarded as a national crisis. Two decades later we have a fresh urgency, George Bush's newly announced national strategy, and no colonial war to distract us. There is civil strife in Colombia and vague talk of having U.S. troops put the entrepreneurs of Medellín and Cali in their place. There is a drug czar, our homegrown version of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, who actually said earlier this summer, "A massive wave of arrests is a top priority for the war on drugs." And three cocaine kingpins now rank among the planet's wealthiest human beings. Twenty years of war on drugs have coincided with the emergence of a vast and sometimes frightening international cocaine economy.

Drug czar William Bennett and President Bush propose abolishing the cocaine economy altogether. Never known for their antipathy to capitalism, they nonetheless call for the annihilation of one of its highest-growth sectors, the drug business. Bennett and Bush aspire to rid us once and for all of this allegedly immoral marketplace and its amoral entrepreneurs. Or do they?

The history of the cocaine economy is not reassuring. Its growth can be divided into three periods. In each, leading drug enforcers have, wittingly or unwittingly, reached forms of de facto accommodation with leading drug dealers.

The first period witnessed the birth of the cocaine economy, between 1969 and 1974; during that time, new state regulation gave decided commercial advantage to cocaine smugglers. The second period was the cocaine boom, which lasted from 1975 through 1982; in it, the executive branch launched a serious, coordinated, high-level effort to prosecute drug bankers—and then abandoned it. The third was the consolidation period, which began in 1983 and continues to this day; the burden of the war on drugs has been shifted onto the producing nations, onto the crack economy and onto the casual users—and away from the North American elite of the trade. A fourth period may yet be defined by Bennett and Bush. In foreign policy, the President and the drug czar want expanded powers to attack the insurgent capitalists at home in Latin America. In domestic policy, they want expanded powers to discourage consumption and petty entrepreneurship in drugs. The cocaine economy has become a central part of American political culture.

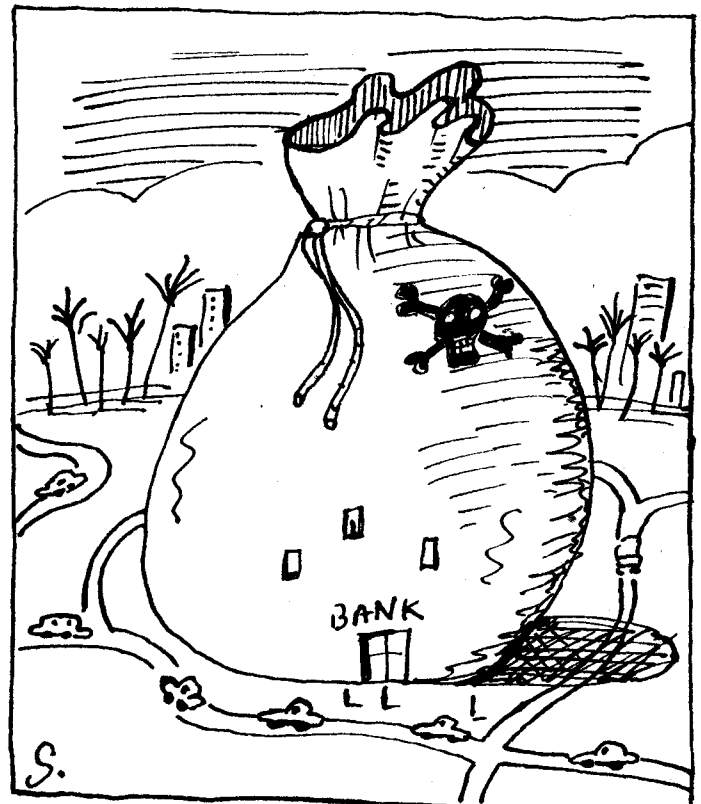
Pioneers of Reaganism

Nixon's war on drugs hastened the professionalization of the drug commerce. Between 1969 and 1974, surveillance of the Mexican border was increased and Mexican marijuana fields were sprayed with paraquat, a herbicide. Amateur smugglers were driven out of the drug business. "In their stead more professional groups flourished," observes sociologist Patricia Adler of the University of Colorado at Boulder, who wrote *Wheeling and Dealing*, a study of a fluid circle of successful drug entrepreneurs in southern California. These professional groups were made up of "people who could rise to the new sophistication demanded by the law enforcement challenge and who could afford the technology and equipment capable of avoiding detection."

By treating marijuana and cocaine as equally dangerous, Nixon's drug war stimulated the cocaine economy. Cocaine powder is more easily transported and concealed than bulk marijuana, insuring both less risk and higher profit. Undifferentiated prohibition of cocaine and marijuana gave a competitive advantage to the more compact—and physiologically hazardous—drug. Between 1974 and 1980 Adler saw the transformation of San Diego from "a major wholesale marijuana market into a distribution center for the cocaine trade." Dozens of other North American cities underwent a similar transformation in the same period.

A new capitalist elite was taking shape at the top of the drug economy: The producers and exporters were increasingly Colombian, while Americans in the top echelon assumed roles as domestic wholesalers, bankers, pilots and money launderers.

The market advantages of cocaine did not, of course,



DRAWINGS BY J.C. SUARES

create the demand for the drug that drove the boom of the late 1970s. Demand probably created supply more than vice versa. Cocaine, a brisk euphoriant, was the ideal drug for millions of people coping with rapid economic change. With the first oil shock of 1973, the fortunes of the poor and the middle class began to erode. Manufacturing industries were giving way to service and information firms, especially in the cities. "The metaphoric associations of cocaine are those most in line with an acceptance of economic and cultural life under capitalism," one critic of the Miami vice noted, for "no other drug works as well: Heroin becomes too debilitating . . . while marijuana has too many passive associations—one cannot be 'laid back' in the 'fast lane.'" Cocaine was the drug for those who were getting ahead—and for those who could only dream of getting ahead.

The drug counterculture of the 1960s, with its emphasis on LSD and marijuana, had been eclipsed. The cocaine entrepreneurs stood at the center of the new culture of pleasurable consumption. They had "abandoned their predominantly instrumental, goal-seeking, controlled, and future-oriented behavior" for a more pleasure-oriented, sexually permissive livelihood, according to Adler. In this respect the marketers of cocaine are heirs to the drug counterculture of the 1960s. But if upwardly mobile drug entrepreneurs shared countercultural impulses, they were also fully imbued with the values of consumer capitalism. "Rather than seeking out antimaterialist, sixties style com-

munes," Adler notes, "these people retained (even intensified) the value of materialism which pervades our society." They were, in her analysis, irrational materialists, hedonists addicted to profit and recklessness.

In retrospect, they look like nothing so much as the pioneers of Reaganism.

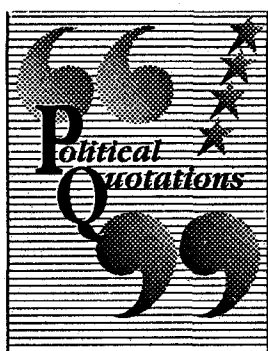
Operation Greenback

The cocaine boom of the late 1970s generated a tremendous cash bonanza for the rising elite of North American drug entrepreneurs. Bankers were needed in Miami to handle the cash, and there was little difficulty enlisting them.

The best available index of the dollar volume of the drug trade is the statistic on currency flow kept by the Federal Reserve Board. Every bank turns its cash deposits over to the local Federal Reserve branch office. A currency surplus results when all the banks in a Federal Reserve district receive more cash than they pay out. In most areas of the country, deposits and payouts are roughly balanced. In Florida in the late 1970s, bankers were taking in cash by the duffel bag from you know who. The currency surplus in Florida was \$576 million in 1970; by 1976 it had almost tripled, to \$1.5 billion.

Officials in the enforcement section of the Treasury Department "detected the surplus and connected it to the large scale laundering of drug receipts" in 1976, according to

"The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative the day after the revolution."
—Hannah Arendt



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ANNOUNCING THE 1989-1990 PEN/REVSON FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIPS for poets and fiction-writers

The PEN/Revson Foundation Fellowships of \$12,750 each will be given in alternate years to a poet (in 1989) and a writer of fiction (in 1990) aged 35 or under, on the basis of the literary quality of work in progress and work already published. Candidates are writers in "early mid-career," whose body of work to date has been marked by singular talent but has not been sufficiently recognized by the literary community and the reading public. The purpose of the stipend is to provide the writer with a measure of financial sustenance required to devote an extended period of time to complete a booklength work in progress.

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a high-level Treasury Department brief obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. "Detailed information was brought to the attention of DEA and the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice," the report says. Despite the "detailed" evidence, no concerted action was taken against drug bankers between 1976 and 1979.

Only after *Parade* magazine and *60 Minutes* did exposés on respectable drug profiteers in 1979 did the Feds finally launch Operation Greenback. That interagency task force, which consisted of representatives from the Federal Reserve, the Treasury Department and the Justice Department, was the Federal government's first (and some would say last) serious national effort to curb drug banking.

Operation Greenback enjoyed some success in its early years, but its overall failure is instructive. It was taking on an enormous challenge, both practically and politically. A 1982 money-laundering investigation disclosed that one suburban branch office of Capital Bank in Miami had accepted \$242 million in drug-tainted cash in less than eighteen months. If the cash surplus is a rough indicator of the volume of the drug trade, that was something like 5 percent of the cash in the flourishing Florida drug trade—a big cut, to be sure. But it would have taken at least thirty comparable money-laundering operations—and as many bankers—to generate the whole cash surplus in the state of Florida. In fact, when analysts from Operation Greenback began examining financial reports of Miami banks for telltale signs of money

laundering, they found no less than twenty-four banks that merited closer scrutiny.

Within two years Operation Greenback was in deep trouble. "There are problems in South Florida that are unhealthy and could be fatal to the Project," one Treasury Department agent reported in June 1982, according to Operation Greenback documents. Chief among them was what one Greenback prosecutor delicately called "the procedures under which cases are selected for investigation."

Operation Greenback had collided with the institutional interests of the banking industry. In May 1982, William von Raab, U.S. Customs Commissioner, attended the annual meeting of the Florida Bankers Association and scolded the "sleazy institutions who are intentionally profiting from this dirty business." One banker shouted, "You are using us as a whipping boy," and the furious financiers immediately adjourned the meeting. Another problem was that Federal Reserve Bank examiners were not trained in, and therefore not interested in, tracking money laundering, according to former U.S. prosecutor Richard Gregorie. And yet a third hindrance was that the Reagan Administration was easing rather than tightening the regulation of financial institutions. Reagan's hiring freeze limited the number of bank examiners and Internal Revenue Service agents available to pore over financial records and look for things like savings and loan fraud and money laundering. Both flourished.

George Bush, appointed to lead the nation's antidrug ef-

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forts in March 1982, "wasn't really too interested in financial prosecution," says Charles Blau, the chief prosecutor in Operation Greenback at the time. Within a year of Bush's appointment, Greenback was downgraded from a senior interagency committee in Washington to a unit within the office of the U.S. Attorney in Miami. Meanwhile, the cash surplus in the cities of Jacksonville and Miami had risen to \$5.2 billion.

The best that can be said for the scaled-back version of Operation Greenback is that it seems to have forced drug financiers to move their operations to California. The Justice Department attributes the unprecedented \$3 billion cash surplus that developed in southern California in 1988 to increased money-laundering operations in Los Angeles. But the State Department's biannual narcotics report notes that the "emerging group of professional, criminal financial managers" doesn't need greenbacks in sacks anymore. Drug banking is now done mostly through electronic transfers, the report says. The entrepreneurs' duffel bags full of cash are "not laundered or otherwise converted, but simply held against future need."

U.S. District Court Judge Peter Beer, who heard the money-laundering case involving Capital Bank, noted how natural it is for the discreet banker to launder drug money. "With only a little softening of traditional concepts of business morality and the violation of a few somewhat obscure federal statutes," Beer observed in his 1982 decision, "a 'fee' hungry bank could be (and in this case became) an ideal laundry system. No one needed to get really involved. It would only be necessary that no one be too inquisitive." Few in the Bush Administration are inquisitive about drug banking.

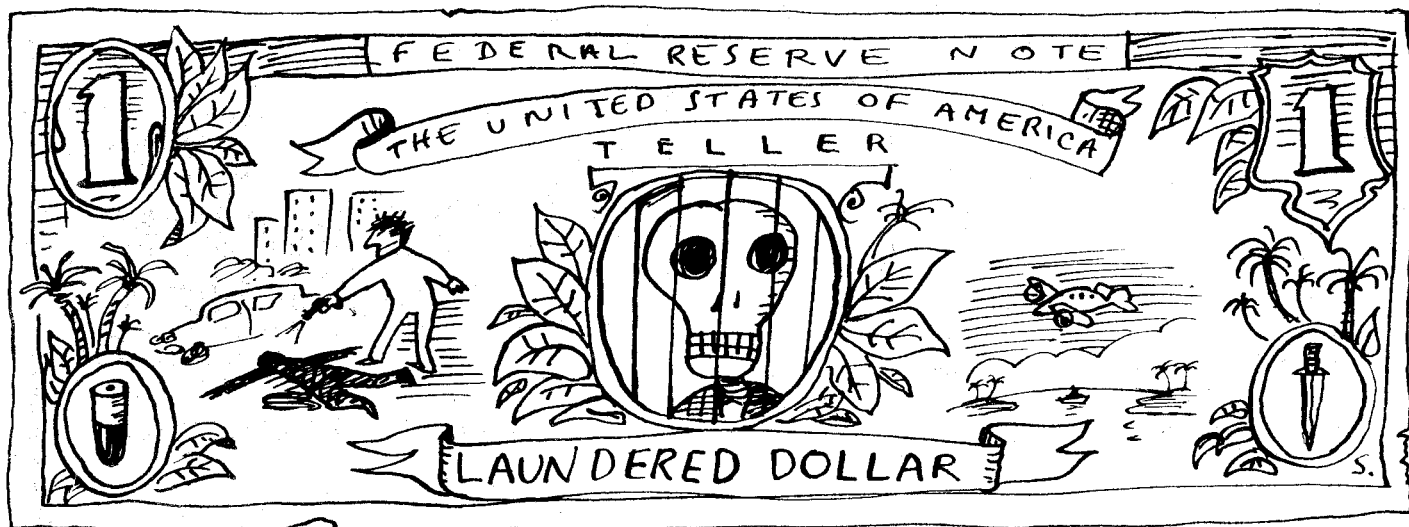
In fact, prosecution of drug bankers is a very low priority in Bush's so-called national strategy. Operation Greenback is defunct and the once-tiny Capital Bank has since expanded its operations to Washington, D.C. The bank that collected a quarter-billion dollars in drug receipts in 1980-81 now has a gleaming branch office two blocks from George Bush's White House.

The New Entrepreneurs

Entrepreneurs in the crack trade are not so well situated. They too belong to a growth industry, but the urban crack market is fraught with fierce competition for scarce profits and scarcer social respect. Again, the economic transformations of the 1970s are crucial. Economic institutions withdrew from the poor urban (and rural) communities, where much of the crack commerce takes place. Urban areas lost entry-level jobs, especially in blue-collar industries. The new jobs that were created there required higher levels of education, but the quality of education in urban black communities could not keep up. The drug economy increasingly became the major cash-generating commerce in the areas abandoned by global capitalism.

By the mid-1980s the cocaine market was consolidating and prices were dropping. "As classically happens in cases of market saturation," says Terry Williams, author of *Cocaine Kids*, "a new product was introduced which offered the chance to expand the market in ways never before possible. Crack, packaged in small quantities and sold for \$5 and sometimes even less—a fraction of the usual minimum sale for powder—allowed dealers to attract an entirely new class of consumers." It also created a whole new class of entrepreneurs: African-American teen-agers, who need little startup capital and who reject traditional authority.

The urban drug entrepreneur is portrayed as a member of "the underclass" and the victim of the so-called culture of poverty. Yet, according to diverse media accounts, the crack entrepreneurs often display those traits purportedly absent from said culture: work discipline, personal abstention from drug abuse, and thrift. Crack entrepreneurs do not entirely reject mainstream culture. Like Adler's post-hippie proto-yuppies hanging out in the disco bars of San Diego in the late 1970s, young black entrepreneurs are irrational materialists. Their rebellion is part of their conformism to the larger culture. They spurn the injunctions of parents, police, teachers and other authorities, but they embrace the entrepreneurial and consumption cultures of mainstream America. They are exemplars of the culture of capitalism.



Democratic capitalism sustains no other growth industry in the inner city besides crack. Many white-run businesses have shut down or left for lower costs in the suburbs and overseas. Ethnic petty entrepreneurs, like Korean and Chinese grocers, naturally favor employing their own. Larger firms seem resistant to hiring blacks either because of racist policies or because urban blacks lack the necessary job skills. And during the past fifteen years the Federal government has generally preferred to use transfer payments or trickle-down economics to sustain the ghettos.

The black authority figures who might harness the entrepreneurial zeal of black youth are prone to work in the public sector or in integrated businesses. In either case, they lack the control of capital necessary to employ black youth and build black economic institutions.

So what's a young, gifted and black entrepreneur supposed to do, as a rational economic actor in a capitalist society? "It's a question I hate," Peter Reuter, an economist at the Rand Corporation, says. "But a lot of time he or she's going to go into dealing drugs. It is clearly a way for a lot of people in the ghetto to get ahead, at least temporarily and, many times, for longer. For many people it's clearly the only shot they've got for getting out of the ghetto. That said, I think the risk of violence is large, especially in crack, and I don't think you can stay in the trade for an unlimited time without experiencing that violence at some point."

As Williams puts it, "Drugs are the nexus between the culture of refusal and economic opportunity."

The Gang in Business Suits

In 1966 Rap Brown said that violence was as American as apple pie—but Rap Brown had yet to see the apple pie that is cocaine capitalism. You can't get much more American than the story (recounted in *The Wall Street Journal*) of the mid-level lackey in San Francisco who bailed out of the corporate rat race and set up a multimillion-dollar cocaine distribution firm. Following the advice of his grandfather, the aspiring capitalist dedicated his life to sitting in what grandpa called "the catbird seat"—that privileged perch reserved for that rare (and usually white) man who is master of his universe. This Reagan-era rascal whiled away the 1980s on various Hawaiian beaches and was working on a heroic *roman à clef* about his own exploits when he was busted. The number of people competent and willing to participate in the drug trade, Reuter observes pensively, "is extremely large, perhaps in the many tens of thousands."

The entrepreneurs at either end of the drug market attract the most media attention: the flashy black crack dealer selling \$5 rocks, the fabulously wealthy Colombians masterminding five-kiloton shipments. But the Rev. David Perrin, a minister in Washington, D.C., notes that blacks are "at the bottom rung of the whole drug industry within our country. The people who are really responsible, and I hate to say it this way, but once again, in terms of the whole power structure, [are] white business executives with the connections to be able to import drugs, sitting back in air-conditioned offices."

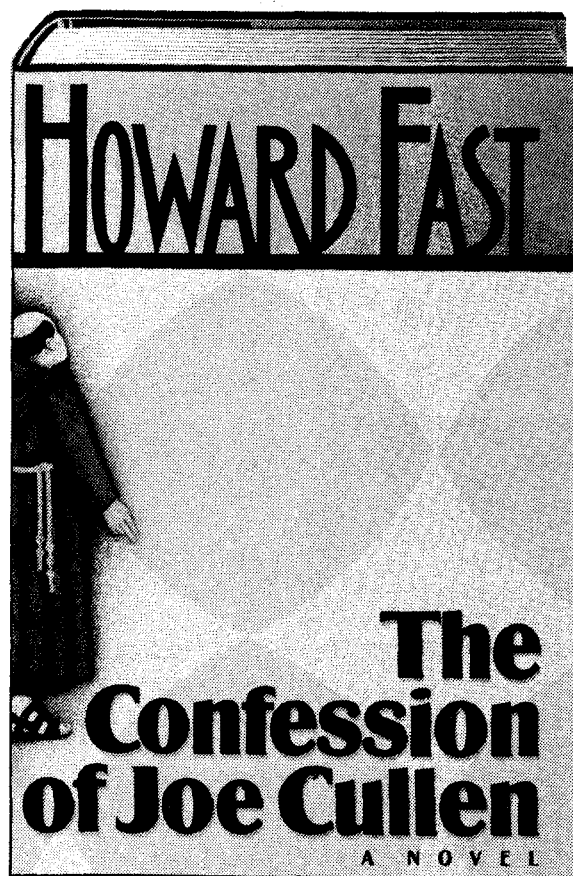
The professional middle class of the North American

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*Kirkus Reviews

drug economy receives little attention. This class ranges from friends of Pete Rose (three of whom are doing time for coke deals) to friends of Oliver North (one of whom played a leading role in a scheme to import \$10 million worth of cocaine into Florida). They are, in the words of one Treasury Department official, the "members of a wealthy, highly skilled, professional class, many of whom do not have previous criminal records, some of whom are highly respected members of their community. They are attorneys, accountants, bankers and money brokers."

They are people like former Representative Robert Hanrahan, Republican from Illinois, who last year pleaded guilty to money-laundering charges, or Representative Patrick Swindall, the right-wing Republican from suburban Atlanta who was convicted on nine perjury counts for his testimony in a money-laundering investigation. The aptly named Swindall told an undercover agent he was willing to participate in a money-laundering scheme.

They are people like Richard Silberman, a leading fundraiser for presidential candidate Jerry Brown in 1980. Silberman promised to launder millions in drug profits for an undercover agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. "I've been doing this for twenty years," Silberman reportedly boasted. Such well-placed and respectable operators make up the heart of the cocaine economy. And, alas, the Reverend Perrin is right. Their persuasion is Caucasian.

The successful drug entrepreneurs are well entrenched. As early as 1982, the cocaine world was "rapidly heading toward an almost corporate order," according to Jeff Leen and Guy Gugliotta, the authors of *Kings of Cocaine*, a colorful account of the Colombian role in the creation of the cocaine economy. In 1988, Robert Merkle, a Federal prosecutor in Tampa, Florida, tried to impress the new reality on the jurors judging Carlos Lehder, one of Colombia's leading cocaine financiers. Merkle likened Lehder to capitalist hero Henry Ford and disputed the popular stereotype that men who dominate the cocaine economy are gangland-style

marauders. "You have to understand the modern gang," Merkle told the jury. "The modern gang wears a business suit. The modern gang doesn't rob banks, it buys banks. It doesn't take money from people. It gives them something they want."

In this respect, at least, the captains of the cocaine economy are no different from the producers of beer, wine, liquor, semiautomatic weapons, cigarettes, phone sex, MTV, fluorocarbons or dirt bikes. They sell pleasurable consumption with varying degrees of alleged antisocial consequences. The cocaine economy is not an aberration in the national consumer economy but a microcosm of it.

Morality and the New Class Bureaucrat

Enter Bill Bennett. "The drug crisis is a crisis of authority," he declared in a speech at the Washington Hebrew Congregation in May. The talk outlined the political philosophy underlying Bennett's campaign. His responsibility, Bennett announced, was to do nothing less than reconstitute social and legal authority in the Western Hemisphere. Bennett did not quite say that drugs are the primary cause of the social breakdown visible in the West. But he did say that getting high was a social and religious menace. "Drugs obliterate morals, values, character, our relations with each other and our relation to God."

Bennett's speech struck a classically conservative note in its apparent reticence to use state power. He expressed the hope that renewed respect for social authority would lead all Americans to forswear commerce in or use of marijuana, cocaine and heroin. If the state had to punish the recalcitrant, Bennett recommended swift but mild measures. But he also made it clear that if his paternalistic hand did not convince Americans to stop their pursuit of happiness via recreational drugs, then the state was justified in becoming more coercive.

Bennett thus distinguishes himself as a new kind of conservative fundamentalist political leader. Like Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell and George Wallace, Bennett seeks to galvanize a political constituency among a middle class made uneasy by modern social mores. But Wallace castigated the pointyhead and the paper pusher; Bennett is both. His power base is the new class of intellectuals and bureaucrats.

The new class is composed of functionaries in public and private bureaucracies whose authority rests not on armed force or profit, or tradition or electoral support, but on their command of history, ideas and communications. Bennett rose through the American version of the new class, the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Department of Education. In the communist world, the original new class bureaucrats justified state intervention in civil society with a historically vindicated vision of the future (Marxism) and sought to eliminate the allegedly antisocial marketplace. Bennett hopes to eliminate forever the markets in illicit drugs, and he justifies waging the drug war in civil society with a historically vindicated vision of the good society ("our Judeo-Christian heritage"). Bennett might be described as a new class conservative.

It is unlikely, to say the least, that Bennett will achieve

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anything resembling a "drug-free America." Even the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini couldn't achieve a drug-free Iran. How Bennett's drug war will affect the drug market is the real question. He may be able to create a marketplace violent and dangerous enough to persuade the squeamish to purchase other diversions. There is some evidence that the war on drugs has begun to have this effect on the educated middle class.

Bennett could also conceivably improve the interdiction of cocaine shipments from South America. But Peter Reuter did a computer simulation of drug smuggling patterns and found that even a 40 percent increase in interdiction would do little to cut overall availability or consumption. Reuter defines interdiction as a tax on smugglers. The cost of the tax is passed along to the consumer, thus guaranteeing the profits of drug entrepreneurs. Bennett, to the extent he promotes drug interdiction, is promoting higher drug profits.

But Bennett is probably willing to boost drug profits. The seizure of drugs—even if it does little to reduce use or availability—can be cited as proof of reinvigorated social and legal authority. It is a reliable law of drug capitalism: Drug profits are the tribute that drug regulators pay to drug entrepreneurs for the right to enforce drug laws.

Bennett's emphasis on curbing consumers and petty entrepreneurs in the drug trade means the entrenched entrepreneurs and financiers in the higher echelons of the trade will receive less attention. Given Bennett's premises, the arrangement is not illogical. If using drugs is an offense against God, then those who get high on drugs should presumably be disciplined before those who merely get rich.

It sounds harsh to say that Bennett's drug war sometimes resembles a class war, but consider his selection of Washington as the showcase for his efforts. He promises more armed men to control the urban marketplace and closer surveillance of the local work force. It is true that the nation's capital has experienced an appalling season of violence associated with the cocaine economy. In terms of the international cocaine economy, though, Washington remains a regional center, far less important than either Miami or Los Angeles, or perhaps even San Antonio.

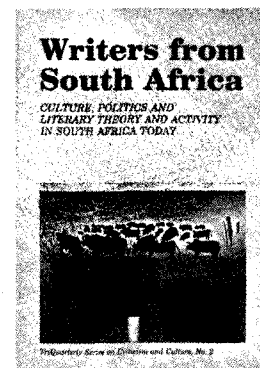
Bennett demonstrated his priorities last spring when the Federal Reserve Bank in Washington released its statistics on the currency surpluses in Miami and Los Angeles. Bennett did not comment on or speculate about the morality of the combined \$8 billion bonanza, nor did he ask the Fed to identify the banks that received it. Instead, Bennett obtained expedited eviction notices for sixty low-income, mostly black, residents of public housing projects in southeast Washington. Drug use had been reported in their apartments. In Bennett's "national strategy," state coercion must be visited on poor drug consumers before rich drug financiers. His morality requires it.

In this respect too, the cocaine economy resembles the national economy: The poor and the middle class pay the highest price for the new class conservative's vision of social progress. Drug bureaucrats and the drug bankers have arrived in the catbird seat. The drug war is the health of the state. □

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THE BRANDEIS PAPERS

'A Gangsterdom Of the Spirit'

There is a tale behind the speech by E.L. Doctorow beginning on the next page. The following chronology should speak for itself.
— The Editors

May 21, 1989. E.L. Doctorow, nationally acclaimed novelist, receives an honorary degree and delivers the commencement address at Brandeis University's thirty-eighth commencement exercises. The summer issue of the *Brandeis Review* describes his speech as "provocative and sometimes disturbing." Also receiving a degree was Martin Peretz, Brandeis '59, editor in chief of *The New Republic* and a Brandeis Trustee since 1976.

May 24. Evelyn Handler, president of Brandeis, sends Doctorow a letter telling him, "I have received only the most positive and enthusiastic comments regarding your address to the graduates."

May 24. John Hose, executive assistant to Handler, sends Doctorow a transcription of his commencement address and remarks:

I hope you will take some pleasure in the knowledge that the number of requests we have already received for your remarks far exceeds the number of requests received in any previous year. With your permission, we should like very much to reprint the text of your Commencement Address in the fall issue of the *Brandeis Review*, a quarterly publication that is sent to all alumni, faculty, parents, and friends and supporters of the University.

July 6. Hose writes to thank Doctorow for permission to reprint the address and for returning the edited text.

August 6. President Handler sends Doctorow a small album of commencement photographs.

August 10. Doctorow receives a letter from Brenda Marder, editor of the *Brandeis Review*:

Dear Dr. Doctorow:

When John Hose, executive assistant to the president, wrote to you about publishing your Commencement speech in the *Brandeis Review*, he was not aware that it is the magazine's policy not to reprint commencement speeches. Instead, we cover Commencement in the summer issue, showing the highlights in photographs and captions and often briefly paraphrase the keynote speaker's remarks.

As you probably noticed, there are many speeches and events on Commencement weekend. Given our space limitation, unfortunately we cannot cover them all. In addition, were we to begin publishing Commencement addresses this year we would be expected to publish them annually and, quite obviously, not all are of the same quality as yours.

August 16. *The New Republic* goes to press with its issue dated September 4, including a column headed "Cape Cod

Diarist" over the byline of Martin Peretz. It begins as follows:

There is probably more nonsense uttered at commencement ceremonies than in Sunday sermons. I've had one piece of such nonsense ringing in my ears now for months. When I heard it from the mouth of novelist E.L. Doctorow, I couldn't quite believe it. Well, I've now seen it in print, and neither my ears nor my memory deceived me. Addressing graduates of a distinguished university, Doctorow told them that things had never been worse in America. For him, there was no golden age, merely a time when things weren't quite so awful. . . . It was an embarrassment to be on the platform with him, like having to be agreeably polite while some lunatic tells you he's Napoleon. Another honorary degree recipient sitting next to me put his head in his hands in disbelief.

September 4. Doctorow writes president Handler to ask, "What has happened, Evelyn?"

Just a day or two after receiving this [Marder's] strange letter, I found in the *New Republic* of September 4, an attack on my speech by your Trustee, Martin Peretz, who was present at the Commencement as another honorary degree recipient. Mr. Peretz characterizes what I had to say that day as "a calumny against America," which is odd because what I delivered was only a critique of the Reagan administration and right wing Republicanism. Mr. Peretz' reasoning is of the fevered love-it-or-leave-it school, and quite consistent with the censorious state of mind and current degradation of political discourse I described in the speech itself. But here's the point: Mr. Peretz mentions that it wasn't until he read my remarks in print that he was able to confirm that they were as distasteful to him as he had remembered. But, the piece not having been published, how is it possible that Mr. Peretz saw it in print? Were proofs pulled and sent to him? Is it University "policy" to clear what you run in the *Review* with Mr. Peretz? Is he the editor-in-chief of the *Brandeis Review* as well as the *New Republic*? Or do others of your Board of Trustees also serve as unlisted editorial overseers of what is permissible for the thirty or so thousand Brandeis alumni, faculty, and friends to read—of which political points of view are safe for the *Brandeis* community, and which are not?

My dear Evelyn, you surely appreciate that I did not need to be published in the alumni magazine of Brandeis. But the implications of your change of heart in the context of what we both take to be the liberal humanistic ideals of higher education, are somewhat dismaying. What can I assume except that someone somewhere along the line found the speech too disturbing, too provocative, and that a distinguished university gave itself to the lamentable practice of self censorship? I expect you will have an explanation for this affront—not to me, but to a basic academic principle. I have arranged to publish the speech elsewhere—now that I understand how good it really is. But I will have to frame it in the circumstances of its suppression by the same university officials who sought me out, solicited me to deliver it, heard it, praised it, and asked for the right to publish it.

Collegially,
E.L. Doctorow

Herewith, then, appears the unexpurgated version of Doctorow's commencement address. As a public service, we offer a complimentary copy to any Brandeis friend or alum who sends us a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

E.L. DOCTOROW

Dr. Handler, members of the Board of Trustees, deans of the university, honored doctoral degree recipients, distinguished members of the faculty, parents, friends, and most especially the pride and point of these proceedings—the shining, resplendent Class of 1989:

Good morning, class. You've been going to school all your lives, and in a few minutes you'll be free. But not until I've finished talking to you. I'm the last compulsory lecture of your undergraduate careers. I represent your faculty's last shot at you, their last chance to tell you what they meant, before you slip out of their grasp forever.

You know, a few miles away, not one but two heads of state are this moment about to address graduates like yourselves in a stadium seating 30,000 people. What they say will be of only theoretical interest to the young men and women somewhere in that crowd whom they are presumably there to address. Perhaps they will use the occasion to enunciate major foreign policy statements, and when they are through, they will get back into their motorcade with the Secret Service men running alongside, and lift off in their helicopters, and the TV cameras will shut down, and the army of reporters will scatter, and those students, at least the ones who didn't scalp their graduation tickets, will be able to look at one another and say: "Well, it is historic to see a President, but what, after all, has been celebrated here?"

What, indeed?

It seems to me that your university this morning looks very, very good by way of contrast. Your president and faculty and Board of Trustees have presumed a commencement should be directed to the graduating seniors in an academic setting that retains its meaning and integrity—that what is being celebrated is the moment of your personal rite of passage, the moment of the beginning of your post-collegiate lives. And they know it's a crucial moment, a solemn

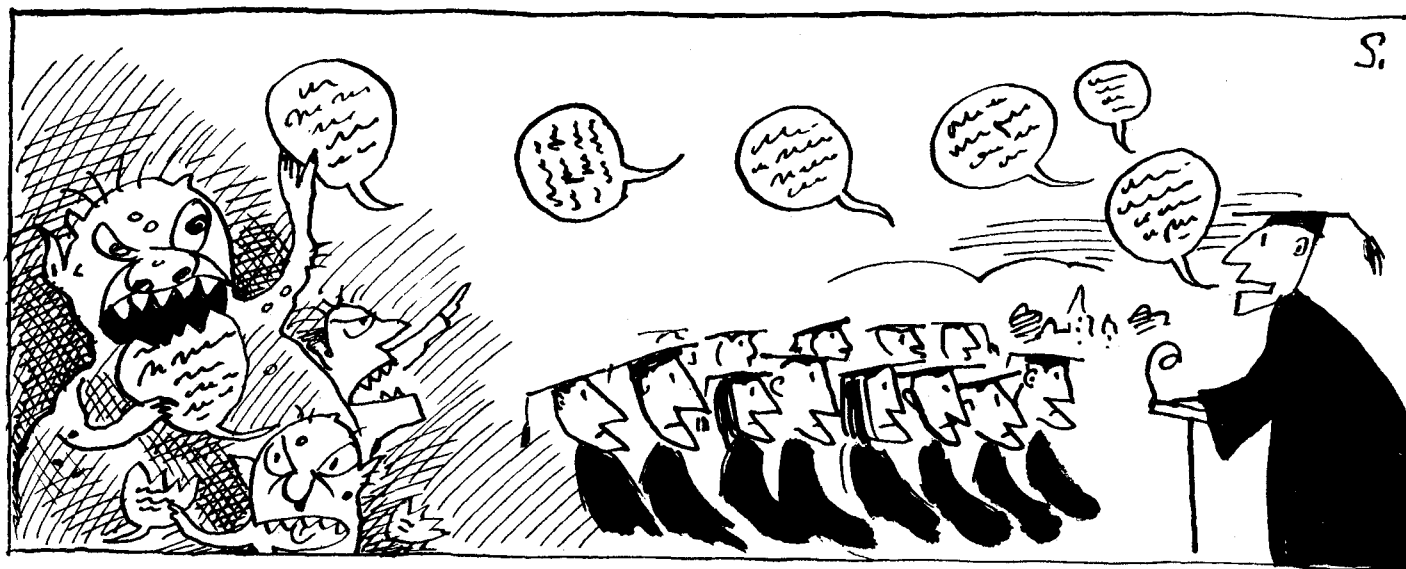
E.L. Doctorow's latest novel is Billy Bathgate (Random House).

celebratory moment, that should not be scanted; and so, I'm honored to be called upon to speak to you—not a politician but a writer, a novelist included, I like to think, among the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," in Shelley's phrase—you English majors know that—unacknowledged like the poets, like all artists, in fact, helpless legislators of created consciousness who from the struggles of their own minds make poems and stories that would contribute to the moral consciousness of their time.

So I will begin by turning for instruction to an earlier unacknowledged legislator, a story writer, a novelist, who lived and flourished in the 1920s. His name was Sherwood Anderson, and he's most famous today for a small book of stories about life in a small town in middle America around the turn of the century. *Winesburg, Ohio* is the title of this book. Some of you may know it. And in his introduction to the book, Anderson proposes a theory which he calls the theory of grotesques. It is not a scientific theory but a historical poetic theory of what happens to people sometimes as they strive to give value and meaning to their lives.

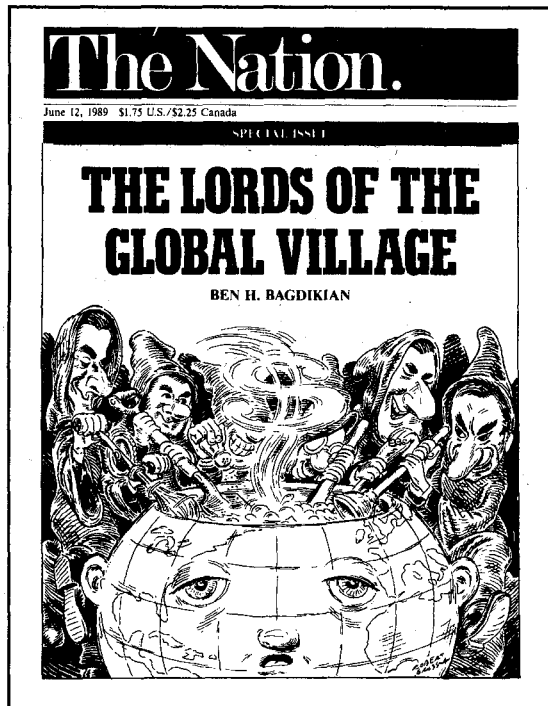
Here is the theory: that all about us in the world are many truths to live by, and they are all beautiful—the truth of passion and love, the truth of candor and of thrift, the truth of patriotism, the truth of self-reliance, and so on. But as people come along and try to make something of themselves, they snatch up a truth and make it their own predominating truth to the exclusion of all others. And what happens, says Anderson, is that the moment a person does this—clutches one truth too tightly—the truth so embraced becomes a lie and the person turns into a grotesque.

Suppose, for instance, you're thrifty and you work hard and scrimp and save and live modestly in order to pay your way through college. Your thrift is a good thing. But then afterward, in later life, long after it is necessary, you continue to deny yourself and you save and save until hoarding money becomes an end in itself. Your thrift has become a lie. You've turned into a miser. You've become a grotesque. You see how it works? If, for instance, your patriotism blinds you to all other moral and ethical truths, and from



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your love of country you deceive duly constituted bodies of governmental authority, and you break laws and shred documents, the truth of patriotism has turned to a lie in your embrace of it, and made you a grotesque. Or take the truth of self-reliance. It is undeniably beautiful. It was the truth that underlay the entire Administration of the previous President, Ronald Reagan—this idea of self-reliance, rugged individualism. Who wouldn't like to stand up for himself, independently, and make his own way through life? Yet Mr. Reagan's advocacy of self-reliance caused him to scorn or forget other truths—of community, for example, and the moral responsibility we have toward those with fewer advantages, and the profound truth of the interdependence of all society's citizens. And so he was moved at various times in his Administration to take away school lunches from needy children and tuition loans from students, and to deny legal services to poor people and psychological counseling to Vietnam veterans, and Social Security payments to handicapped people. You see how it works—this theory?

In fact, I will venture to say that insofar as Mr. Reagan inserted his particular truth into the national American mind he made it the lobotomizing pin of conservative philosophy that has governed us and is continuing to govern us to this very moment.

The philosophical conservative is someone willing to pay the price of other people's suffering for his principles. And so we now have hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of our citizens lying around in the streets of our cities, sleeping in doorways, begging with styrofoam cups. We didn't have a class of permanent beggars in this country—in the United States of America—fifteen or twenty years ago. We didn't have kids selling crack in their grade schools, or businessmen magnifying their fortunes into megafortunes by stock manipulation and thievery—I don't remember such epidemics of major corporate fraud. A decade ago you did not have college students scrawling racial epithets or anti-Semitic graffiti on the room doors of their fellow students. You did not have cops strangling teen-age boys to death or shooting elderly deranged women in their own homes. You did not have scientists falsifying the results of experiments, or preachers committing the sins against which they so thunderously preached. A generation or so back, you didn't have every class of society, and every occupation, widely, ruggedly practicing its own characteristic form of crime.

So something poisonous has been set loose in the last several years as we have enjoyed life under the power and principles of political conservatism. And I have used Sherwood Anderson's theory of the grotesque to account for it, but I don't know what to call it—a gangsterdom of spirit, perhaps. I do know that to describe it is bad form. To speak of a loss of cohesion in society, a loss of moral acuity, is tiresome. It is the tiresome talk of liberalism. In fact, part of this poisonous thing that I'm trying to describe is its characteristic way of dealing with criticism: It used to be enough to brand a critic as a radical or a leftist to make people turn away. Now we need only to call him a liberal. Soon "moderate" will be the M word, "conservative" will be

the C word and only fascists will be in the mainstream. And that degradation of discourse, that, too, is part of this something that is really rotten in America right now.

Some of you, perhaps some of your parents, may be wondering at this time if I am speaking appropriately for this occasion, which is after all a celebration. In answer, I have to say I believe my subject is all too appropriate; I think it is my obligation to tell you, as truthfully as I can, the context, the social setting in which you will find yourself when you walk out of here with your degree. As an unacknowledged legislator, I am giving you not a State of the Union Address but a State of the Mind of the Union Address.

What does it do to you young people, I wonder, to grow up in a time in which the bottom-line standard of business thinking now controls every aspect of our lives? You may have heard our President ask just the other day that the Senate delay its consideration of a bill to apply stricter ethical standards to government officials. Mr. Bush is worried that if men and women are made to behave honestly, they won't want to work in his Administration. That's funny, except that at one time people were *honored* to be called upon to use their expertise for the sake of their country. There was an ideal of public service, and financial sacrifice was part of that ideal. Now, it is taken for granted by everyone in Washington that people can only be expected to come to work for their country if they can afterward turn a trick from it.

It is in this context that I find myself thinking of a lately deceased Brandeis graduate—as unbusinesslike a person as you'd ever meet. He is not the sort of alumnus you would expect to be mentioned or that I would expect to mention in a commencement address. His name was Abbie Hoffman. Class of '59. I knew Abbie, though we were not close, and I didn't have that much contact with him after the sixties. The truth is I found him easier to take from a distance; I have to admit that our ways were different, but I admired him tremendously. He was fearless, and very funny, with the humor, the precision of insight of a great political cartoonist. And as an activist he put his body on the line. In the sixties he was a scruffy sort of fellow, skinny and nimble, somewhat unwashed-looking with his torn T-shirts and jeans, his long hair, his headband. He was a founder of the Yippies, the Youth International Party. And he was in the vanguard of the antiwar movement in the days of big street demonstrations much like the one they have been having in China, the students, these days, and for the same reasons, to bring government into alignment with the popular will of the people.

Anyway, Abbie did street theater, he staged events that might be clownish or vulgar but that invariably caught the attention of the media and enraged the authorities. (For instance, I remember he once wore a shirt made from an American flag, and when angry policemen tore it off his back he shouted, "I have only one shirt to give for my country!") He got people terribly mad, Abbie, and for very good reason: He was insufferable. He was insufferable because he held the mirror up wherein we saw ourselves. That's just what the biblical prophets did—they operated in just that

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way. Wasn't it Isaiah who walked abroad naked to prophesy the deportation of the Jews? And wasn't it Jeremiah who wore a yoke around his neck to prophesy their slavery? Same insufferable thing. So Abbie was a kind of unacknowledged legislator of this order. Once he organized a demonstration to ring the Pentagon and by means of prayers and incantations make it rise from the ground and levitate. And another thing he did—he stood in the gallery overlooking the New York Stock Exchange and threw handfuls of dollar bills down on the floor and watched all the traders scramble to pick up the money. These were prophetic acts, were they not? Throwing money onto the floor of the Stock Exchange knowing people would crawl around in a frenzy to pick it up? The Pentagon and the Stock Exchange are in the eighties the twin images of our idolatry. He had it exactly right.

It's my view that in the last decade or so of life in our country, roughly the time since you've been in the tenth grade, we have seen a national regression to the robber baronial thinking of the nineteenth century. This amounts to nothing less than a deconstruction of America—the dismantling of enlightened social legislation that had begun to bring equity over half a century to the lives of working people, to rectify some of the terrible imbalance of racial injustice and give a fair shake to the outsiders, the underdogs, the newcomers. We have seen the ideals of environmental sanctity sacrificed to the bottom-line demands of business thinking in which we have done only as much to protect our environment as industry has found convenient, as if only a few songbirds and some poor dumb animals were at stake, as if the bleeding hearts of woodsy environmentalists were the issue, and not our lungs and skins and genes, and the wholeness and health of our children and their children. We have seen a new generation of nativist know-nothings called up like primitive comic-book warriors to make overt the covert racism and anti-Semitism of the campaign demagoguery of our conservative politicians. And we have seen with more and more deadening frequency the banning of the books of our heritage in our schools and public libraries—as for instance in Panama City, Florida, where they have found it necessary to expunge such dangers to the Republic as *Wuthering Heights*, *Hamlet*, *The Red Badge of Courage* and *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*.

So that we may have in fact broken down, as a social con-

tract, in our time, as if we were not supposed to be a just nation but a confederacy of stupid murderous gluttons.

So that, finally, our country itself, the idea, the virtue, the truth of America, is in danger of becoming a grotesque.

This is certainly serious stuff for a happy day, but I would not be doing honor to you and this occasion if I did not tell you what's been going on while we've been waiting for you.

That is something else I meant to say. That we've been waiting for you. Did you know that? Your mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers—in fact all the generations older than yours have been watching you and waiting for you. Because whether you know it or not, you have learned here at Brandeis the difference between authentic thought and cant, between the valid proposition and the fraudulent, between rational thought, honest perception, on the one hand, and simplistic intellectual flummery on the other. And that makes you very precious to us, and to our nation.

And if your teachers here have seemed to you at various times to possess commanding intellectual presence, and I trust they have, the truth is they are itinerants, like you, having given their lives over to the strange species-grooming that is peculiarly *Homo sapient*—the modest, exhausted instruction in mind-survival of the generations that will succeed theirs.

And everything impractical they've given you, lines of poetry, phrases of music, and philosophical propositions, and ancient histories, and myths and dance steps, is terribly practical—in fact, the only means we have of defending the borders of a magnanimous, humanist civilization—just that civilization which is today under such assault.

The presumption of your life here, the basic presumption, is that every life has a theme. It is a literary idea, the great root discovery of narrative literature—every life has a theme and there is human freedom to find it, to create it, to make it victorious. And so however you find your society as you walk out of here, you do not have to embrace its lies, or become complicitors to its cruelties. Perhaps that is what your faculty wanted to say to you.

You are in charge of yourselves.

The stack of books you've collected in your four years here is an icon of the humanist ideal.

You have sanctity of thought, the means to stay in touch with the truth.

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Yes, I think that's what your faculty might want me to tell you.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Desperate Situation

DOROTHY GALLAGHER

EMMA GOLDMAN IN EXILE: From the Russian Revolution to the Spanish Civil War. By Alice Wexler. Beacon Press. 301 pp. \$24.95.

The last twenty years of Emma Goldman's life were bracketed by the two great revolutions of Alice Wexler's subtitle; the outcome of each was exactly calibrated by the terrible god of irony to break her heart and spirit. In this, her sequel to *Emma Goldman in America*, Wexler examines in rich detail the years of Goldman's exile—wandering, tumultuous, yearning decades. She also pays that most argumentative, idealistic, obstinate, demanding, sometimes irritating and always brave woman the compliment of arguing with her.

Emma Goldman was deported from the country she considered her home during the Red Scare of 1919. With her went Alexander Berkman, her Sasha, the dearest friend of her life, and more than 240 other alien radicals. Out they went from liberty's shores one dark, freezing January morning, to arrive a month later in *Matushka Rossiya*, land of the people's revolution. The two years Goldman and Berkman spent there would obsess Goldman for the remainder of her life.

Like almost all anarchists, Emma Goldman was wary of the Bolsheviks when the first euphoria at the news of October had passed. In 1918 she wrote, "As an anarchist I am opposed to the rigid centralization the Boyl. proclaim and as much opposed to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat as to that of the Bourgeoisie." She added, "But the very fact that they are so attacked and maligned compels me to stand up for them and with them." She also believed that anyone with a "revolutionary spark" would put aside differences in the face of the "attempt to crush the Soviet. Now is not the time, that's all there is to it."

Dorothy Gallagher is the author of All the Right Enemies: The Life and Murder of Carlo Tresca (Rutgers University Press), to be published soon in paperback by Viking Penguin.

She was writing in response to the institution in Soviet Russia of War Communism, the Bolshevik reaction to the crisis of civil war and foreign intervention. War Communism "halted," Wexler writes, "the democratic, egalitarian thrust of the early stages of the revolution, moving instead toward increasingly centralized control of industry, compulsory labor for all. . . . a policy of terror against counterrevolutionists, a flexible category easily stretched to include hungry workers selling goods on the black market, and members of other left-wing parties."

The Russian anarchists, almost all of whom had sided with the Bolsheviks in the early months of the October Revolution, viewed the new direction as a betrayal of their hopes. Had not Lenin once asserted, "So long as the state exists there is no freedom"? But by 1921, shortly before his death, the venerated anarchist Peter Kropotkin would write of the Revolution: "It is perpetrating horrors. It is ruining the whole country. In its mad fury it is annihilating human lives." Despite her recognition that some things in Russia had changed for the better—education, suppression of anti-Semitism in the Ukraine, a flourishing of the arts—Goldman arrived at Kropotkin's view that Bolshevism was a conspiracy against the Revolution. Thus Emma Goldman, the revolutionary, was in a country where the Revolution had been made, and yet she was alienated from it, "utterly unable to give," she wrote, a "stranger in a strange land." She suffered, Wexler believes, from a deep and almost incapacitating depression.

The fateful year was 1921. Hungry, freezing workers in Petrograd went on strike and were repressed by military force. The sailors at the Kronstadt naval base, heroes of the Revolution, issued a list of demands in solidarity with the Petrograd strikers. Here was the actual tragedy of Kronstadt which, in later years, would become a metaphor for disillusion with the Bolsheviks. Under government orders the military moved against the Kronstadt sailors, killing hundreds, wounding thousands, imprisoning more. Until Kronstadt, Berkman, unlike Emma, had extended to the Bolsheviks the benefit of every doubt. But on

March 7 he wrote in his diary, "It is 6 PM. Kronstadt has been attacked. . . . My heart is numb with despair; something has died within me." Goldman and Berkman had offered to mediate the conflict, but to no avail. Both now agreed that they had no place in Russia, though nine more months would pass before they got out.

In the summer of 1921, in Moscow, American delegates arrived for the first Congress of the Red Trade Union International—old friends, including Bill Haywood, Mary Heaton Vorse, Ella Reeves Bloor; but after the initial greetings the visitors held themselves aloof from the two anarchists, having gotten word that they were out of favor with the regime. In September the Cheka shot ten political dissenters, including the anarchist poet Lev Cherny and Fanya Baron, whom Emma had known in the United States. In late November, through the intervention of Angelica Balabanoff—the Comintern's first Secretary, who was still close to Lenin and would shortly, in despair, leave the country herself—Goldman and Berkman received exit visas. For the remainder of her life, and throughout her wanderings in Sweden, Germany, England, France and Canada, Goldman's energies were largely spent in bearing witness to the failure of the Bolshevik Revolution. Had she wished to increase the loneliness and isolation of her exile she could not have chosen her position better; as she feared, few of her radical friends who were not anarchists would join her in an outright condemnation of Soviet Russia.

The years passed painfully, marked by voluminous correspondence with Berkman and others, by the publication of her autobiography, by a three-month lecture tour in the United States, by a few brief, ecstatic affairs with younger men and, always, with the hope that she would be able to return home to the United States. In 1936 Berkman, ill and depressed, committed suicide. It was a terrible blow to Goldman. For almost fifty years Berkman had been her mainstay. "It was the thought of Sasha, of his health, his wellbeing, of his work, that gave meaning to my life," she wrote to her niece. "That gone, there is really nothing else."

But almost at once her life was suffused with renewed hope and meaning. When the fascist generals rose against

the Republican government in Spain, the population not only initially beat back the rebellion but, led by anarchists, created a profound social revolution in much of the country. When Goldman arrived in Barcelona in September 1936, the city was controlled by the trade unions, large portions of the countryside were collectivized, a system of socialized medicine was in place and people's militias were fighting the rebels. But with the arrival of Soviet aid and increasing Communist domination of the government and of the war, the revolution was doomed. Goldman addressed a meeting of anarchist youth in October and warned them against their enemies: "Not only your fascist enemies. There are others. . . . You must make ready to fight on every front that is threatening the Revolution in Spain."

The rest of this story is well known. The events in Spain were presented to the world as a simple civil war, a war of democracy against fascism. Even as the Communists denied that any revolution had taken place, they destroyed many of the collectives by force, and dissident leftists, including anarchists, were murdered. For three years the Communists kept the war going; then Stalin, already negotiating his pact with Hitler, abandoned Spain. Here again is the terrible god of irony at work, making allies, as Noam Chomsky has pointed out, of the Soviets and the Western democracies in their opposition to popular revolution. A Spanish refugee wrote to Goldman in 1939: "Catalonia was not conquered, but betrayed. . . . The people had grown weary of a war that was not their war."

With the defeat of the Republicans in Spain, Goldman, then 70 years old, went to Canada, where she collected money for Spanish refugees and began a campaign to prevent the deportation of four young Italian anarchist immigrants. In the spring of 1940 she died of a stroke; in its mercy, the United States government allowed her body to be brought across the border so long closed to her. She was buried at Waldheim Cemetery in Chicago, next to the Haymarket martyrs whose tragedy had brought her to anarchism.

These are the bare bones of the life that Alice Wexler recounts with great authority and in fascinating detail. If this review has concentrated on the political events at either end of the story, it is because the author's quarrel with her subject is located within them. Wexler argues, in essence, that Emma Goldman's

anti-Bolshevism was less than rational; that the Soviet Russia she witnessed in the early 1920s did not necessarily contain the seeds of the Soviet Union Stalin would create in the 1930s. She thinks, as do some other scholars, that the potential existed for the country to develop in a more democratic direction, and that by inveighing against the Bolshevism of Lenin's era, Goldman "contributed to the emergence of an anti-Communist consensus of which the anarchists—and she herself—would become tragic victims." And Wexler argues further that "Goldman helped lay the foundations for a caricature of Russian history that served interests profoundly hostile to her own."

To this argument I would reply that Western liberalism needed no help from Emma Goldman to formulate an anti-communist position, as it needed none from Rosa Luxemburg or Angelica Balabanoff. That die was cast. Goldman's position was based on classic anarchist principles, principles she had espoused all her life and which she had seen cruelly violated in the Soviet Union. She was also entirely conscious of her dilemma. In London, in 1924, trying to organize a campaign to protest the imprisonment of Soviet dissidents and generally to arouse protest against the Soviet regime, Goldman saw those who should have been her allies turn their backs on her. "My situation is really a desperate one," she wrote to Berkman. "The Tories have taken a stand against the communists, in France they are being hounded, the Pope comes out against them. And here I am doing the same. It is no wonder that everybody refuses to join me. It really means working hand in glove with the reactionaries. [But] I know I must go ahead and that our position is of a different nature."

If the exiled Emma Goldman struck out harder at the Bolsheviks than she did at the democracy that expelled her, as Alice Wexler points out, it may be that she saw no moral parallel between the bourgeois state and the revolutionary one. The comrade who betrays is always judged by a harsher standard than the known enemy, for it is he who poisons the body of the movement. Anarchists, as well as members of all other indigenous radical movements, experienced the Russian Revolution, with its rhetoric of liberation, as a cloud spreading itself over their ideals, blotting out the sun.

But although I think Wexler is mistaken in her quarrel with Goldman, it is clear that she has deepened our under-

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standing of her subject. She has shown us Emma Goldman as she suffered, aged, despaired and yet held on to the ideas

that were her core. From now on, any discussion about Goldman will have to take Wexler's portrait into account. □

The Professional Wise Man

JANE CAPLAN

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE: A Life. By William H. McNeill. Oxford University Press. 346 pp. \$24.95.

This year sees the centenary of the birth of the English historian Arnold Toynbee, who forty years ago was as famous for his pronouncements on the political and moral challenges of the contemporary world as for his immense *Study of History*. The *Study*, Toynbee's most celebrated but possibly (at 3 million words) least-read work, is an investigation of unparalleled erudition into the laws of motion of history, which he followed through the rise, encounter and fall of successive civilizations. With its twelve volumes, published in stages between 1934 and 1961, it was the backbone of Toynbee's intellectual life and reputation, but it was shored up by hundreds of other books and essays, the products of a writing career that spanned more than sixty years. This prodigious output included substantial scholarly contributions to Toynbee's specialty, Greek history; the semi-official annual surveys of international affairs he wrote from 1925 to 1941; as well as journalism, travelogues, memoirs and works of historical and metaphysical speculation. But Toynbee's multifarious writings were not just a series of historical or political tracts. They represented a sustained and passionate exploration of the limits of free will, the conflict between good and evil, and the boundary between the rational and the metaphysical as a means of interpretation and truth. Toynbee sprang the conventional confines of historical writing—especially the empirical traditions of English historiography—and made himself vulnerable to charges that he was not really a historian at all.

William H. McNeill, the author of this fascinating and candid biography and himself a noted and adventurous historian, expresses the pious if inevitable hope that Toynbee's historical repu-

tation will soon re-emerge from the shadows into which it has sunk. That time has not yet come, despite McNeill's persuasive case for re-evaluation. These days, the publications that Toynbee turned out with such stupefying rapidity are most likely to be found in a secondhand bookstore or on the dustier shelves of a college library. Maybe this isn't very surprising: It's the makers of history who get remembered and celebrated more often than their chroniclers. But Toynbee once aspired to be something like the Gibbon of the whole world, taking on not just Rome but all past empires, not to mention a good chunk of the present, while making vigorous forays into the future as well. The result was a fame that for a time was more global than Gibbon's, but is unlikely to prove as durable.

Among the many paradoxes in Toynbee's life was the fact that this shy and scholarly product of the English elite became something like a guru in residence at the court of the American public for several decades after World War II. And when his reputation in the United States faded in the 1960s, Toynbee found a new circle of professional admirers in Japan. "No other historian," McNeill writes, has achieved the same status as "a professional wise man." The story of Toynbee's unusual prominence in the American public mind is certainly a curious one. Invited to the United States in 1947 to give a lecture series at Bryn Mawr College, Toynbee found himself on the cover of *Time*'s March 17 issue; inside was a long story on him by Whittaker Chambers. Henry Luce, the publisher of *Time*, had met Toynbee a few years earlier and, despite differences, had seen in him some reflection of his own belief that America was about to come into its own as arbiter of world history. Luce seized on the coincidence of Toynbee's U.S. visit and the publication of a readable abridgement of his *Study of History* to publicly promote "Historian Toynbee" as the prophet of the new post-European age of American civilization. As Chambers wrote, in vintage *Time* style: "History was moving with 20th Century acceleration. . . . The U.S. must now take over from Britain

Jane Caplan is a professor of history at Bryn Mawr College.

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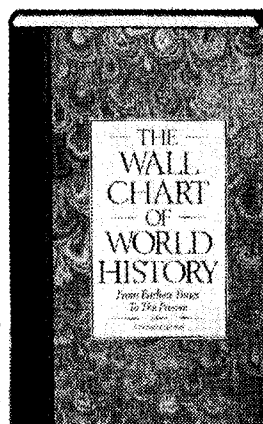
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the job of trying to solve the problem of contemporary history. . . . The one man in the world best equipped to tell them [what to do] was in the U.S. last week."

Toynbee responded with enthusiasm to this invitation to educate Americans in the age of the Truman doctrine and the Marshall Plan, not least because of the financial rewards it brought him through royalties and lecture fees. Though he lacked the demotic touch, his stately ex cathedra declarations were well received in a country poised for world leadership. Yet there were also unbridgeable tensions in the relationship, which ultimately led to its collapse. The fact that Toynbee was neither a nationalist nor a democrat—he had a deep distrust of idolizing either the nation-state or its people—set limits on his capacity to capture truly the postwar American mood of populist imperialism. And if Toynbee was disappointed in the moral failures of U.S. foreign policy, many Americans were equally outraged by his criticism of Israel in 1961. By the mid-1960s his American reputation had evaporated almost as quickly as it had gathered.

McNeill's biography is not just an account of Toynbee's scholarly and public life. He also examines in sometimes excruciating detail the tortured relations between Toynbee's somewhat saintly public persona and his obstreperous private life. The book reveals a man of deep but turbulent convictions, propelled by a powerful private ambition that tended to erupt with all the incontinence of the repressed. As someone who worked with Toynbee not long before his death in 1975, I recognize the accuracy of McNeill's portrait of the man I knew, even if I also find it disconcerting. In his old age, I found Toynbee unfailingly courteous and self-deprecating, even though also blandly immune to real criticism.

McNeill uncovers very acutely the deep discrepancy between Toynbee's public image and his private self. In part this is simply the familiar and depressing tale of a man whose single-minded ambition was indulged at the expense of his wife and children, and the havoc of Toynbee's family life is distressing to discover. But McNeill also reveals how persistently the inordinate claims of Toynbee's ego intruded into the ostensible selflessness of his scholarly and public pursuits. The most bitter of Toynbee's numerous critics, the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, satirized him years ago in a wickedly irreverent but memorable attack, dubbing him the self-proclaimed Messiah of the

new world religion of "Mish-Mash" for a post-rationalist "Half-Baked Millennium." Here was a man so obsessed with chronicling his quest to unlock the secret truth of World History that the entire edifice, so Trevor-Roper mocked, seemed to pivot upon his own person. This he illustrated with some cruelly bathetic juxtapositions from Toynbee's own autobiographical notes, in which Toynbee appeared to endow childhood advice from his Aunt Nellie, his mother's comments on social distinctions in headgear or an episode in which his nurse sprained her ankle while plucking him from the sea in Wales with precisely the same existential contribution to the intellectual formation of Toynbee the Historian/Messiah as his first reading of Dante or Plato—or, indeed, as the crucifixion of Christ and the stigmatization of Saint Francis. Trivial or universal, autobiographical or historical, direct or massively mediated: All experience appeared as grist to Toynbee's self-aggrandizing spiritual mill.

Toynbee's pontifical and pedantic style of writing—with its third-person references to "the Author," its tortuous syntax, mannered neologisms, portentous capitalizations and eccentric tenses—is certainly an easy target for satire. But what Trevor-Roper objected to more seriously was Toynbee's disingenuous public repudiation of a prophetic status that he patently, if unconsciously, coveted. The paradox was all the greater since Toynbee repeatedly asserted that hubris was the primary besetting sin, for individuals no less than for civilizations. Toynbee seemingly had a kind of antinomian streak that enabled him to claim his own hubris as grace, his ego as self-annihilation and his conceit as penetrating self-awareness. McNeill's study is notably successful in illuminating the sources of this peculiar combination of legitimization, vanity and ingenuousness.

McNeill ends his biography by comparing Toynbee with Dante, Milton, Thucydides and Herodotus, though he prudently leaves the last word on Toynbee's reputation to the judgment of the future. Those comparisons mark his final decision to assess Toynbee as a historian and thinker, rather than as the contradictory personality his biography so compellingly depicts. Fair enough; but one also feels the need for a similar analogy that would capture more of the whole man. Bertrand Russell is one obvious parallel: scion of another peculiar-

ly English and Edwardian educational and social milieu who also combined scholarly brilliance with public and political engagement. The comparison here is largely in Russell's favor, of course, and not just intellectually. For all his personal foibles, Russell lacked the driving insecurity that made Toynbee's personal life so deeply conflicted, and he found his way into a democratic political activism that Toynbee eschewed out of

temperament and, it must be admitted, conviction. My own feeling is that Toynbee had a lot in common with Leo Tolstoy, despite the differences of time and country. Here were two cultural giants who became celebrated in their lifetimes for their public espousal of the most exacting moral standards and values, but who proved incapable of subduing their own expansive egos to the stern lessons they drew for the world in general. □

You Might As Well Live

VALERIE MINER

LEADER OF THE BAND. *By Fay Weldon. Viking. 196 pp. \$18.95.*

POLARIS AND OTHER STORIES. *By Fay Weldon. Penguin. 237 pp. Paper \$6.95.*

Fay Weldon sashays onto a page, flaunting her imagination against the structures of society and of fiction. No "post-feminist," the British novelist engages readers in hard questions about sexual politics, genocide, medical abuse, moral despair and the disorder of the universe. This can be a heady mixture, particularly for American audiences lulled by the profitable trade winds of literary solipsism.

Weldon's novel *Leader of the Band* and the collection *Polaris and Other Stories* are strongly social fiction, enriched by historical consciousness, political acuity and a luminous sense of humor. Both books are preoccupied with the consequences of marital infidelity and the ravages of gynecological trespassing. Weldon tends to moralize, but she does so with zippy alarm rather than sober admonition. She confronts the deepest desperation and exits deftly on the side of optimism.

Starlady Sandra Harris Sorenson, the glib protagonist and narrator of *Leader of the Band*, is an accomplished astronomer and discoverer of the planet Athena. Beautiful, brilliant and successful, she has her own late-night TV show. But Sandra gives up her astronomy and her conventional lawyer husband to travel across France with Jack, leader of a ragtag musical group called

the Citronella Jumpers. Sandra's adventure at a French folk festival and in her lusty affair with Mad Jack is a picaresque metaphor for her deeper movement of self-discovery about the past. Her father was a Nazi scientist who raped her teen-age gypsy mother in the interests of genetic experimentation.

Obviously the younger the women who bore the babies the better: and the fairer the donor, and the darker the receptor, the easier to trace various traits through the generations. So very dark girl children—especially the gypsies, who tended to be pretty—were fed oestrogen. . . . [t]hen impregnated—the techniques of fancy fertilisation not yet having been developed—in the natural way, by the blondest and best. . . . Girls as young as nine had babies: it was also interesting to find out what effect the immaturity of the mother had on the foetus, so many were removed for study. My mother was really lucky, and was all of fifteen when I was born, at the very end of the war.

Leader of the Band jumps back and forth between the folk frolic and Sandra's excruciating autobiography. Jack may be "long, blond and thin, with bright darting brown eyes," but he is also a diversion allowing Sandra to settle accounts with family ghosts. She reflects on her mother's ultimate madness, her father's brutality and her grandmother's prissy but steady love. Perhaps because of her father's fascination with genetic blending, Sandra is obsessed with reproductive detail, describing her menstruation, abortions, cervical exams and determination not to pass on her genes:

I am a guilty person: I have to punish myself. My mother is mad . . . my brother is dead because my suppressed rage killed him: my father was shot because my birth was used as evidence against him. My anger is all powerful; could blot out the world. So it is never

Valerie Miner's new collection of stories, Trespassing, will be published in the fall by The Crossing Press. Since 1977 she has taught at the University of California, Berkeley.

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expressed. I am cool, rational, and for ever guilty.

Too soon the folkloric revelry is disrupted by the arrival of Jack's wife and Sandra's husband and TV producer from London. Ghosts are troublesome enough; when live relatives materialize, Sandra finds it hard to cope. The narrative ends with a surprise which at first appears too neat and then transmutes into a courageous act of faith.

In *Leader of the Band*, form, style and character are all idiosyncratic. The breathless main narrative is followed by three stories, written by Sandra about her women friends. Starlady Sandra is at once eccentric and archetypal, an individual caught in the sway of domestic and international politics, attending to the good and evil "bred" into her bones, determined to discover some order in the universe. While there is much to admire in Weldon's depth, humor, inventiveness and intelligence, *Leader of the Band* seems just a bit too rushed. Although description is neither the strength nor the point of her agitprop theater, it wouldn't hurt to pause now and then to taste and smell the world around Sandra. And another draft might have lessened Weldon's overstatement and repetition.

In the end, I am overwhelmed by the profound generosity of spirit in both Sandra and Weldon. After confronting mass murder, madness, child neglect and sexual attack, both novelist and novelist's novelist throw up their hands, declaring, You might as well live. There isn't much Dorothy Parker irony here; for Weldon, making choices is the essence of living, and a firm belief in life is the source of writing.

Polaris and Other Stories amplifies feminist themes from *Leader of the Band*, particularly in issues of family

politics, female friendship and gynecological assault. These twelve stories range from parable to bittersweet interlude to farce.

The title story, originally published in 1978, traces the first months of the marriage of Meg and Timmy. When Timmy is called to his clandestine duties aboard the Polaris nuclear submarine, he abandons Meg in a small house on the harsh west coast of Scotland. Although Polaris is the drama of Meg's solitude, it is even more interestingly an exploration of male bonding in the secret culture of Polaris. I am left with the image of Polaris as a lonely spermatozoon frantically seeking warmth in Arctic waters.

"And Then Turn Out the Light" is a tightly drawn parable about medical sexual harassment, following Tandy's life from the day her hymen is broken by her pediatrician through abuse from her college doctor and her abortionist, to her unnecessary hysterectomy at the age of 47. After many years of trying to become a doctor herself, she gives up. "She became a grandmother and was glad it was a boy. 'They have a better life than girls,' she said, admiring the contained and tidy infant penis."

In startling contrast, "The Bottom Line and the Sharp End" is a tender reminiscence about a thirty-year relationship between a hard-working, straight-laced hairdresser and a mercurial, often down-at-the-heels client, a singer named Avril. "Helen thought the time for miracles was almost past. Both Avril's penises and Avril's hair were getting thin. But she merely said, 'I'll do my best,' and ran her practised fingers through Avril's wiry curls without flinching." Avril insists on a thorough bleaching, which causes her hair to fall out. Avril emerges not only philosophical, but victorious as a bald nightclub performer.

My favorite story is the last one, "Redundant! or The Wife's Revenge," set in yet another hospital. Alan is having a face lift to improve his career prospects. Esther, his wife of twenty-four years, has just run off with a young man named Freddo. In the subplot, we meet Alan's daughter Hermes, who was having an affair with a woman named Val, and Alan's surgeon, Mr. Khan, who is sleeping with his nurse, Pony, and Mrs. Professor Khan, who is going abroad to practice medicine. Ultimately "Redundant!" rivals the best Iris Murdoch bed-swapping as the deck gets shuffled, then tossed in the air.

Polaris and Other Stories concludes

with a classic Weldon moral, "The more we know, the older we get. The body quite withers away, in the harsh light of wisdom." It is fitting to leave our seasoned author here—smart, brave, yet wistful in middle age, continuing to write her provocative books with a courage born of wit. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Titus Andronicus
Privates on Parade
Love Letters
Dido and Aeneas

The eleventh offering of the Shakespeare Festival was reassuringly run-of-the-mill. *Titus Andronicus* is not a play likely to shiver anyone's more sublime timbers, but it is a rip-snorting, blood-and-thundering melodrama in what must have been, even on its opening night, the worst possible taste. It *opens* with a pile of corpses, and the carnage continues at a steady pace, including at least three scenes so awesomely offensive that any contemporary play or movie that depicted the same events with similar energy would surely provoke Jesse Helms and the rest of the Senate to paroxysms of legislation.

Titus is so simple in its appeal and its actorly demands that I can't imagine a production failing to convey some sense of its glorious excess. However, the most recent offerings in the Shakespeare Festival's marathon—*Cymbeline* and an all-star *Twelfth Night*—received such unanimous pans (I was away from the city and missed both) that I did not approach the Delacorte Theater in Central Park with much hope. The one way *Titus* can be botched is to treat the Grand Guignol elements in the manner of Noh theater, with slow-motion ritualistic mayhem and crimson ribbons to represent blood as though to say, "Just pretend this isn't happening."

Director Michael Maggio, imported from Chicago's Goodman Theater, has created a *Titus* that is reasonably ghastly and gallops along at a good clip. Donald Moffat in the title role is good at rugged majesty, and if he doesn't reach the highest altitudes of tragedy in the scenes with his mutilated daughter, that is as much the fault of Shakespeare's strain-

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ing poesy as Moffat's delivery. Pamela Gien is a vivid Lavinia, both in the scenes of her ravishment and of her mute sufferings, though in the later scenes she is necessarily limited to the tragic heights that Titus and his brother Marcus (Jon De Vries) can mount to.

De Vries and other good guys did their jobs well enough; but this is a play in which the villains have all the best lines, and the villains were wonderful, especially Kate Mulgrew as the vile Tamora, Queen of Goth. In her most ignominious scene, as she urges her doltish sons (Bill Camp and Don Harvey, and hard to say which was nastier) to rape Lavinia, Mulgrew epitomizes the play's distinctive spirit of gleeful evil. Sin for sin, not even Richard III can compare with Tamora for exultant infamy.

One of Tamora's sins, however, is her love for Aaron the Moor (Keith David), and that is rather touchy, since the Andronicus clan make it very clear that they don't like blacks in their neighborhood. They become abusive to Aaron's infant son. Racial epithets are not infrequent. One can sympathize with Keith David's reluctance to steep himself in villainy as zestfully as Mulgrew, since to do so would be to represent just that stereotype of the black male that bigots since the time of Shakespeare have loved to hate. He does seem to enjoy himself when he's murdering the nurse, but then he is being Machiavellian, which is a higher, even kingly form of villainy.

As Saturninus, Don McManus is properly asinine, though I wonder how much of the effect he creates is the work of Lewis Rampino, who designed his silly imperial get-up. The costumes are generically Olden, such as one might wear to any Renaissance fair—which is exactly right for a play so carelessly anachronistic. John Lee Beatty's set, a double colonnade painted a dark ash-gray that arcs around a central platform like the cross section of a little Coliseum, is serviceable and effective—and should be put into mothballs until the Shakespeare Festival has another go at *Julius Caesar*. Serviceable—that was the keynote of this production, and (in light of what's gone before) its badge of honor.

My one real disappointment was with the banquet scene. The progeny pot pie that was served up to Tamora looked like a Sara Lee cheesecake. Tamora tucked into it with little show of appetite (no doubt that's how she's kept her girlish figure), and she'd consumed no more than a tablespoon of white crumbles

when Titus murders his daughter for honor's sake, reveals his cheesecake recipe and signals the final slaughter, which takes place too quickly for its particulars to be savored.

Even so, overall it was a lot of fun, and very educational, too, especially for those young people who may lack a sense of the relevance of history to their own concerns and who can learn from *Titus Andronicus* that ancient Romans were not that different from New Yorkers today.

Peter Nichols's *Privates on Parade*, the latest offering by the Roundabout, is a more than usually lifelike play, in that it is consistently interesting, often quite funny, full of memorable characters, but doesn't in the end seem to add up. This may be simply because, like Nichols's *Joe Egg*, it is based on the events of his own life, in this case the time, in 1947, when he served in the British Army in Malaya in a theatrical touring troupe. Into this inherently absurdist situation Nichols introduces a male ingénue, Private Steven Flowers (ingratiatingly played by Jim Fyfe), who must choose between buggery (of the five other men in the troupe, three are bent) and "Les Girls" (the title of Flowers's first musical number and the choice he makes). Sylvia Morgan, the girl he favors, is the mistress of the brutal Sergeant-Major Drummond, whose offstage villainies include running a ring of boy prostitutes, selling guns to the Communist enemy, beating Sylvia and knocking her up. On stage he harasses gays. Drummond is so bad that no one even has to argue with him: Chinese Communist infiltrators kill him off at the end of Act One, and good riddance!

By the end of Act Two the entire troupe has had a run-in with the Comies as a result of a silly decision by Major Flack (Simon Jones, who is an inflexible twit) to tour the show through enemy strongholds in the interior; in the aftermath the butchest of the three gays is dead, one of the two other straights besides Flowers has lost his manhood and the other an eye, and Flowers himself has gone back on his promise to marry Sylvia and so provide her with a visa to England. To rectify this the star of the show and of the show within it, the exceedingly fruity Captain Terri Dennis, saves the day by marrying Sylvia himself. What this says either about the nature of British imperialism in the Far East or about homosexuality is beyond my comprehension—and, I sus-

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pect, beyond Peter Nichols's.

I might not have bothered trying to take a sum from all the addends of the plot if the musical component of the show had been less perfunctory. *Privates on Parade* won Nichols and composer Denis King a prize for Best Musical in 1978; it has been made into a successful movie. But none of the songs rise above the original piffle they travesty, and so there is no way that Jim Dale, in his various transvestite turns (as Marlene Dietrich, Carmen Miranda and Vera Lynn), can take off into the wild blue yonder of Show Biz Significance as did (the obvious comparison) Joel Grey as the M.C. in *Cabaret*. The material just isn't there, and so the drag acts have no other dramatic necessity than to signal to the audience that this is a play about homosexuals.

Except that it isn't. For the character Jim Dale plays, sexuality is a matter of fond reminiscence; in the play at hand, it is his destiny to become the genderless escort of the leading lady. Of the three sexually active men in the play, two are murdered and the third, Flowers, forswears sex. As sex is represented in this play, one can scarcely blame him.

Director Larry Carpenter has done a

superb job of disguising these blemishes, and the sets by Loren Sherman provide some genuine moments of Gosh! Wow! In a Broadway theater, an onstage rainstorm might not seem an object of great wonder, but at the Roundabout! Two rainstorms, and a shower scene (with the promised privates coyly on parade), and singing and dancing and Jim Dale in drag. If it doesn't add up, it does zip along. Anyone hungry for a musical will find it worth the price of admission.

I knew before I was ten minutes into the performance of *Love Letters* at the Promenade Theatre that I was constitutionally the wrong reviewer for A.R. Gurney's latest play. I had been delighted by Gurney's *Another Antigone* and *The Cocktail Hour*, but this time his ultra-Waspy cast of two induced asthma and violent itching. I daresay such a reaction is a left-handed tribute to the artistry of John Rubinstein and Stockard Channing (the actors I saw; the cast changes weekly) and to their director, John Tillinger, as much as tears or laughter might have been. Tears and laughter were undoubtedly what the author hoped to elicit, and most of the rest of the audience seemed to comply.

The play's central conceit is to adapt the conventions of the epistolary novel to the stage by the simple expedient of having the two letter-writers sit side by side and read aloud the letters they have written to each other in the course of two lifetimes of never connecting. He becomes a U.S. Senator, and she becomes a drunk and a failed artist. He begins smug and becomes ever smugger, while she is overwhelmed with self-pity. By the time she finally kills herself for unrequited love, I wanted to see both of them electrocuted.

Gurney constantly cheats, letting the correspondence carom back and forth at times at the pace of a tennis match. Since the effect of this is to enliven the deliberate, deadly decorum of the proceedings, it is pedantic to complain. As well complain, after a three-hour concert of Telemann recorder duets, that some of the ornamentation in the fourteenth concerto was inauthentic.

Les Troyens it's not, but Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* is still stageworthy at the age of 300, and few other operas can make that claim. Indeed, in the novel (and novelistic) staging it was recently given by Opera at the Academy (which is next door to the Public Theater), *Dido*

and *Aeneas* seemed closer to thirty years old than 300. The director, Christopher Alden, has set the story not in some baroque Carthage with trumpery pillars and tinsel seas but in Josiah Priest's Boarding School for Young Ladies, in Chelsea, where the opera was first performed in 1689. A teacher and the school's headmistress undertake the roles of the tragic lovers and also double as a sailor and a sorceress. Their co-stars are two young ladies enrolled in the school who feel for their teacher a tenderness that the music they sing wakens to overt expression. For their headmistress their feelings alternate between envy and an eagerness to strew the bridal bower with blossoms. It is all as steamy as *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; indeed, the costumes by fashion designer Mary McFadden and the set (white paint, white curtains, two desks and a chair) by Paul Steinberg evoke 1789 more than 1689.

The effect is fascinating if discomfiting. Having not done my homework with Nahum Tate's libretto, I was seldom able to follow the events that his verses dramatize; it did not help that the activities of the libidinous young schoolmaster and the ladies of the school bore only a tangential relation to the words they sang. They might as well have been singing in French.

But they sang very well and acted with a conviction rare on the opera stage. Jeffrey Ambrosini as the teacher will not need Jeremy Irons as a body double when they come to make the film, and the two young ladies, Suzan Hanson and Catherine Schwartzman, were so vivid in their roles that every metaphor I can think of is embarrassing. The best music is Dido's, and so singing honors must go to Angelina Reaux.

The space in which Opera at the Academy offered this production is the oddest place I've ever seen an opera: a long, low-ceilinged loft, with a performing area some fifty feet by ten feet, with the audience strung out in three long rows (the orchestra behind them) and piled up in bleachers at either end. My seat was between a pillar and a cello, and even so, it was probably better than most. Short of hiring an opera company to perform in one's own living room, one could hardly ask for a more intimate performance situation. Given a production as engrossing as this, it seemed a more than fair tradeoff for the stodgy, underhearsed and misimagined productions that have become customary at the State Theater and the Met. □

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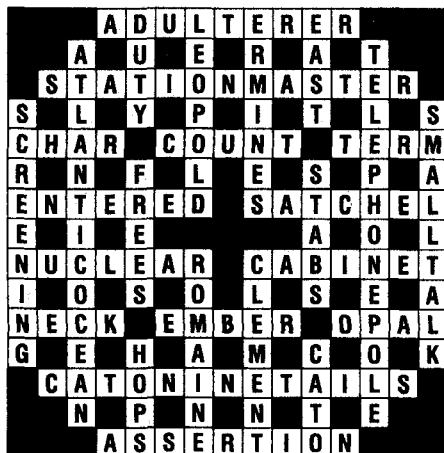
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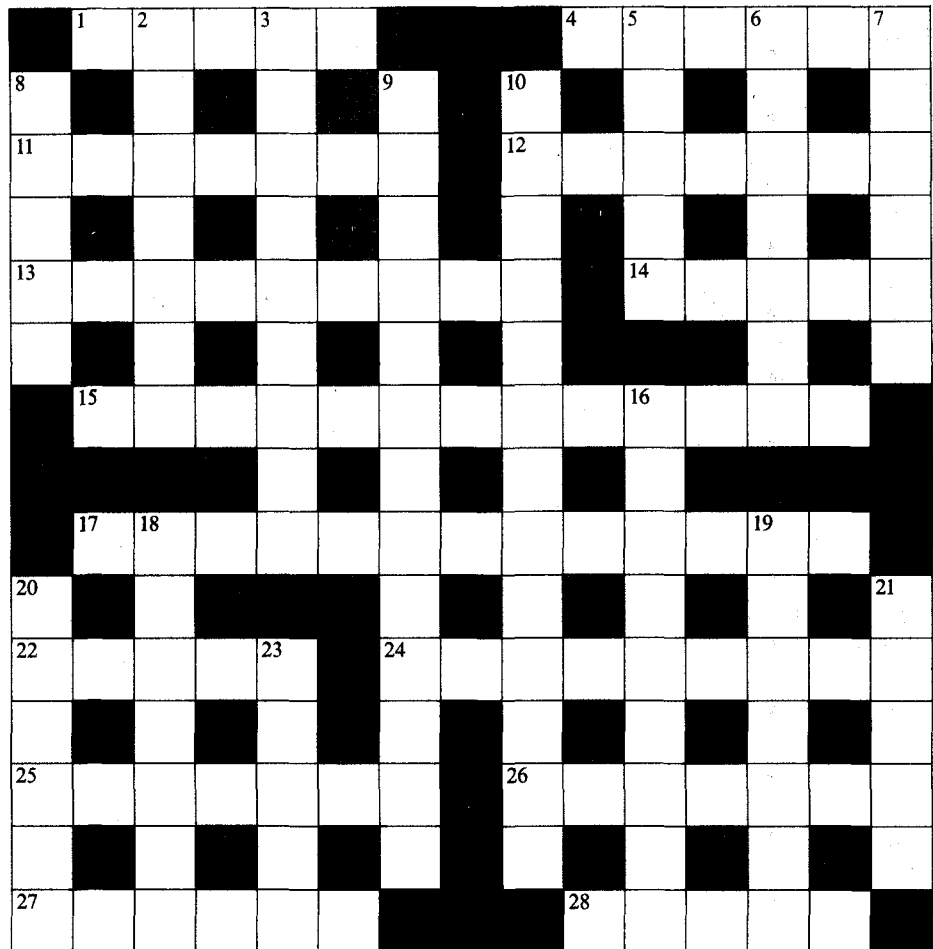
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2257



Crossword Puzzle No. 2258

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Halt! (That describes one who walks like this!) (5)
- 4 The little pieces of paper that caused wars—especially WWI? (6)
- 11 Such as *glasnost* are form-serving, in part. (7)
- 12 A crater I find to be formed with such as a boulder moved to an unusual location. (7)
- 13 There's something to chew on about our former President, which could be quite a historical story. (9)
- 14 Was Rachmaninoff responsible for such material? (5)
- 15 Lied a bit, heart trouble being responsible for what might be made better again. (13)
- 17 One might on July 4, if a speech is called for—but it's not an act that should go public. (13)
- 22 Put together a lot of what Mozart was responsible for at last. (5)
- 24 Bury someone from Eastern Europe coming back for periods of time between events. (9)
- 25 The pit he tackles shows something to describe one's quality. (7)
- 26 Getting close to anger, in some mix-up! (7)
- 27 and 5 down The soldiers who waved flags at one time? (Outstanding with what suggests the heart of the matter!) (6,5)
- 28 Pen this for a fondness you have for church music. (5)

DOWN

- 2 The 27-5 is with the United States, being legally operative. (2,5)

- 3 The leaf has a tear in it, suggesting what Mom and Pop have for Junior. (9)
- 5 See 27 across
- 6 At least a beginning, to a point—made by a regular goddess! (7)
- 7 The 27 might be so marked, being both dry and wet, in certain circumstances. (6)
- 8 and 20 Rows of building material on top of each other? Who put them there? (11)
- 9 The design of typists' chairs for people whose clients might have certain problems? (13)
- 10 Prevent one speaking? That's getting even worse! (13)
- 16 Subsequent to figuring things to be the consequence? (9)
- 18 Looking on the inside from the outside? (1-6)
- 19 There's nothing to such a little state turning into an enthusiastic response! (7)
- 20 See 8
- 21 Proving the Indian circle might be over-wise. (5)
- 23 Schwab loses more than 16.6 percent, which sounds indeterminate. (5)

PUZZLED?

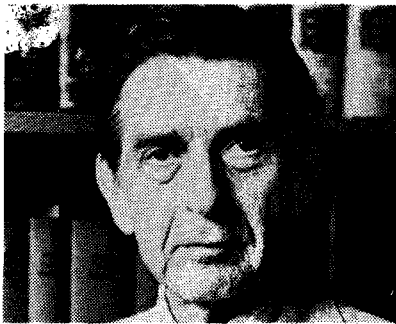
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April 18, 1989

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Re: Enclosed Contribution

To Whom It May Concern:

One instinctively reacts to the ugliness of anti-Semitism with a renewed appreciation for each Jew's responsibility for the survival of the Jewish people as a whole. I have the same instinctive reaction to misdeeds perpetrated by my fellow Jews in the name of our people. The current policies of the State of Israel in regard to the Palestinian people are a case in point. As a Jew, I feel compelled to oppose those policies.

Unbeknownst to me, 15 years ago my grandfather purchased a State of Israel bond in my name. Last Hanukkah, several years after my grandfather's death, my parents presented it to me. I decided immediately to redeem the bond, rather than accept moral responsibility for the Israeli government's policies by allowing my resources to be employed in their implementation. But redeeming the bond (and keeping the proceeds) would not have been enough, for my motives would have been left uncommunicated, and it is not my purpose to achieve a small, economic windfall. Instead, I am donating the proceeds to you, and my preference is that you use these funds for two purposes: (1) opposition to the Israeli government's policies and (2) the defense of the Palestinian victims of those policies.

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Sincerely,

Glenn Rothner
Glenn Rothner

GR:mc

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cc: Israel Ministry of Finance
State of Israel Corresp. Unit

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